NOVEMBER 25, 1983

Vol. 35
No. 23

...AT IT WAS LIKE IN GRENADA

NATIONAL REVIEW

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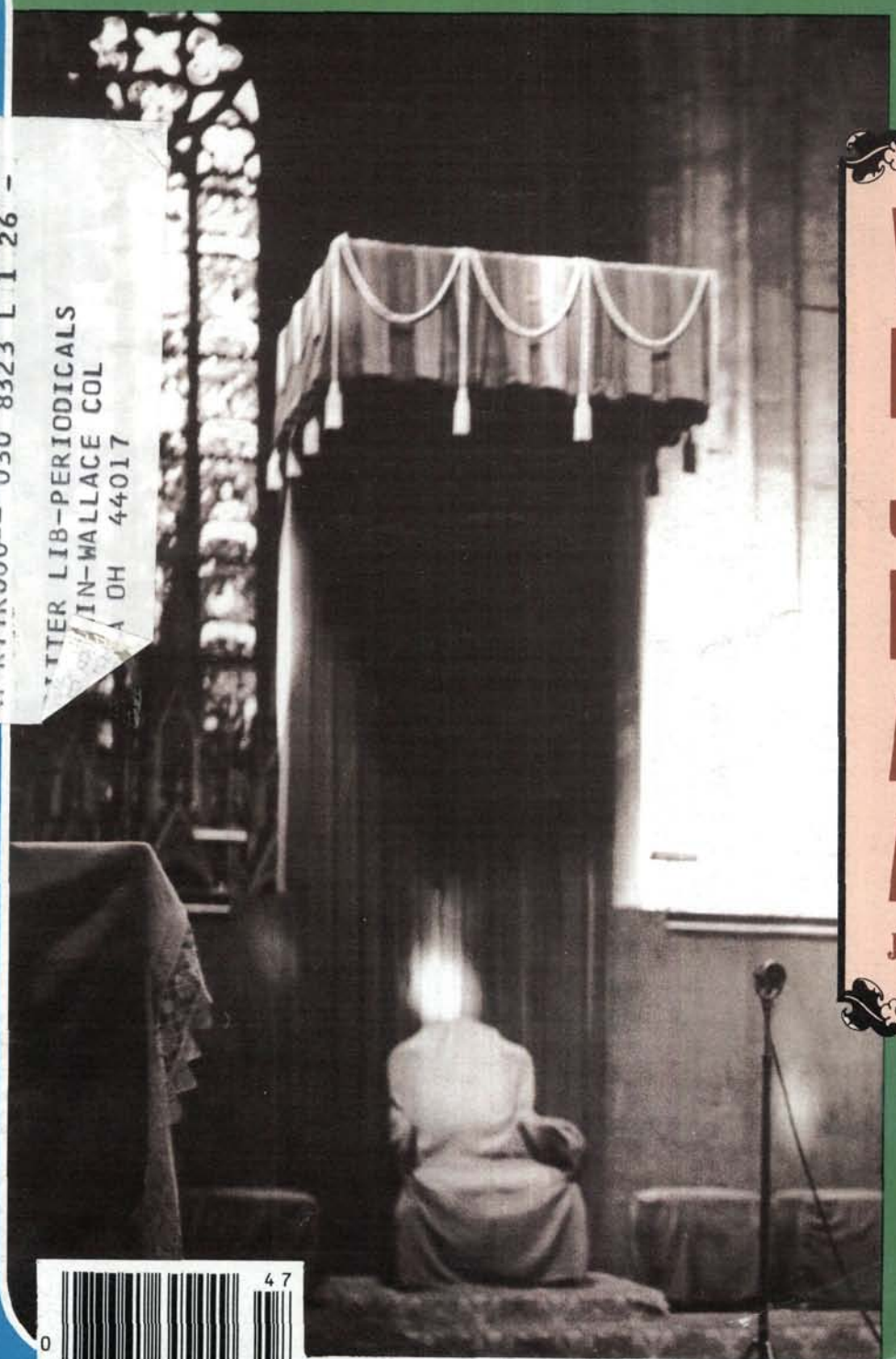

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WILL POPE JOHN PAUL REORIENT A CHURCH AT SEA?

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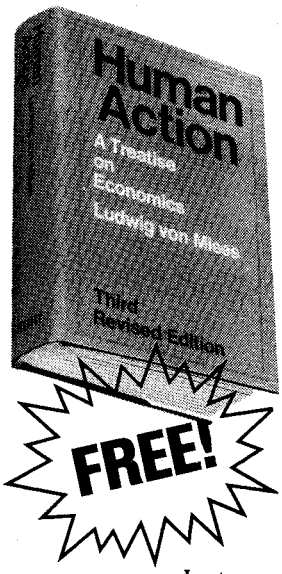

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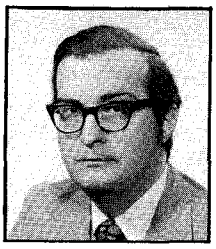

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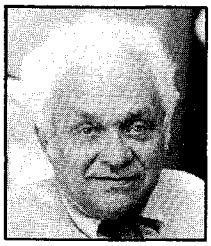

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American Catholicism Today

1464 Will John Paul II Reorient A Church at Sea?

The deaths of Cardinals Cooke and Medeiros have plunged the American Catholic Church into a crisis, one that may well prove historically decisive. Led now by Cardinal Bernardin, the American Church has all but turned its back on Rome. Dissent has become its orthodoxy, rebellion its rule. A good bishop is hard to find. But the Pope is going to have to start finding some, and soon.

James Hitchcock

Grenada

1472 What It Was like in Grenada

Grenada used to be an island paradise. That was before Maurice Bishop and his Cuban friends took over. Now there is hope for the country once again. As a Grenadian shouted at the first TV crew to arrive post-liberation: "We're free! We're free!"

Geoffrey Wagner

1476 Margaret Thatcher's No-No

Why did the Iron Lady suddenly turn wet on Grenada? To be fair, she had her own reasons.

Anthony Lejeune

1504 Missing the Point of Grenada

Our opinion-makers have looked everywhere for the meaning of the Grenadian affair—except at Grenada itself.

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Books Arts & Manners

1486 Guess what: The Rosenbergs *were* guilty. **Richard Brookhiser** is less than staggered by the news, but he's glad Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton are spreading the word to the Left. . . . **Elias M. Schwarzbart** finds good and bad interwoven in Theodore Draper's latest batch of political essays. . . . A history of socialism by Albert S. Lindemann is itself a depressing addition to the story, moans **Arnold Beichman**. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** looks over the fare from a recent neoconservative symposium. . . . **Thomas Mallon** reviews a new biography of Scott Fitzgerald, who died reading the Princeton alumni magazine, fittingly enough. . . . Don't invite **D. Keith Mano** and Larry McMurtry to the same party. . . . **John Simon** chops *Danton* and finds *Hanna K.* guilty of cinematic malpractice. . . . **Nika Hazelton** has no use for the boa-constrictor approach to holiday meals.

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Cover design by Colleen Lawlor; photo by Jan Lukas

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc. at 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices. © National Review, Inc., 1983. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: $29.00 a year (26 issues). Add $6.25 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

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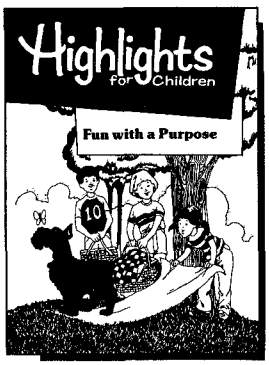

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Letters

Fritz and Grit

John McLaughlin is very encouraging about the coming elections; let's just hope he is right about Reagan's edge over Mondale ["From Washington Straight," Nov. 11]. Some of the polls I've seen haven't seemed so clear, and the possibility of a Glenn Presidency is alarming; Richard Brookhiser ["Why Not the Best II"] has the right idea when he compares Glenn to Carter. It will be ironic if, as Mr. McLaughlin suggests, Glenn brings down Mondale by emphasizing his presence in the Carter Administration.

I would like to mention my concern, however, about Mr. McLaughlin's attitude toward ethnic groups. Perhaps it is only realistic to say that in this political climate it is necessary to "woo" the ethnic blocs. It still seems to me, however, like a betrayal of principle. I always thought that, as conservatives, we felt that the best people should be chosen without regard to irrelevancies such as nationality.

John R. Welch
Annapolis, Md.

A Problem Solved

"Delayed Retaliation Robotics," by Messrs. Czirr and Palmer [Oct. 28], is not only brilliant in its analysis and unassailable in its logic; it is also a heartening reminder that life can indeed imitate art and, occasionally, improve on it.

Remember: The only flaw in the Soviets' doomsday device in *Dr. Strangelove* was that they neglected to tell us about it before we launched our infelicitous accidental first strike; the Russians' well-known penchant for playfulness and love of surprises caused them to postpone the announcement that the system was operational until their May Day celebrations, but the system was plugged in as soon as it was completed and we launched our attack before May Day. Had we known about the system in advance we could have taken appropriate precautions against inviting inevitable and irreversible retaliation, and *Dr. Strangelove* would have been a movie with a happy ending—like *Easy Rider*.

One sticky problem solved, courtesy of Czirr and Palmer. Now, on to the mineshaft gap!

Joseph A. Rehyansky
Fairfax, Va.

Libertarian Lines

As a libertarian, I think Richard Brookhiser misunderstands the dynamics of building a new political party ["Saving the UOS," Oct. 14].

David Bergland's emphasis [as he begins his campaign for President on the Libertarian ticket] on the grass roots at the expense of national media will fail, utterly and totally. It is true that Libertarian presidential vote totals have been anemic. However, they have grown substantially—from five thousand in 1972 to 175,000 in 1976 to 920,000 in 1980. And I think they would have been much higher in 1980—perhaps two to four million—had John Anderson not taken the media coverage that Ed Clark would otherwise have gotten. It's not that Anderson took our votes, it's that he allowed the media to feel that they had done their duty by independents and third parties.

You can't build a grass-roots movement around a new idea without a national focus. A party doesn't exist unless it's in the national media. Also it's very hard to keep your own troops motivated unless they see things happening at the national level. Today's grass-roots organizing is not done at the block level but through national television and direct mail, a field that Earl Ravenal would have exploited, but that Bergland will not.

Alaska is certainly the best example of Libertarian success. So it's relevant, I think, that the Ravenal campaign was largely run by Dick Randolph and the Alaska delegation. They know that they need a strong and effective national party to bolster their local efforts. The presidential campaign focuses national attention on the Libertarian Party. That national focus is essential to build a movement that cuts across traditional ideological lines. It makes clear what our new perspective is and how we differ from liberals and conservatives.

James Fields
Boston, Mass.

Painful Reality

As a unionized baggage handler (station agent) for a major airline, I read with great interest your comments concerning the action taken by Continental ["On the Right," Oct. 28]. My airline also faces a financial situation that is somewhat less than ideal; however, we've been blessed with union leaders and a rank-and-file that are quite conversant with the realities of deregulation (i.e., free enterprise). As a result, our management has been able to exercise the kind of control over labor costs that is necessary to assure our survival. While taking a pay cut isn't exactly our idea of fun, we realize that our worth is ultimately determined by market conditions, not by union contracts.

Paul Hahn
Edina, Minn.

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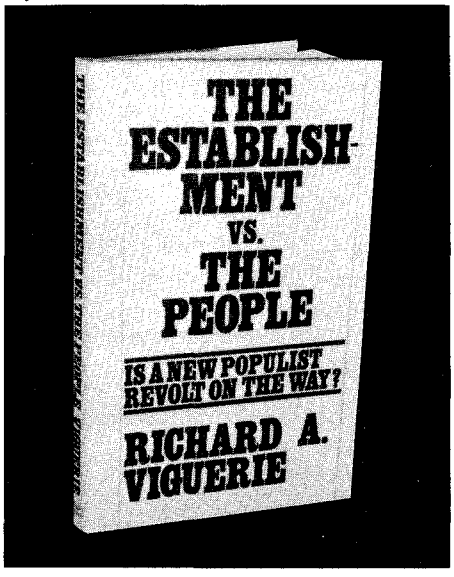

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As a former Continental pilot, I can state that no group of pilots among established trunk carriers did more for their company in terms of financial sacrifice than we did. For at least two years prior to the bankruptcy filing we were paid considerably less for approximately the same number of days on duty as were pilots at profitable airlines, e.g., United, American, Piedmont, U.S. Air, and Alaska. Productivity was the major problem, and management was as much to blame here as the pilots.

When Frank Lorenzo threatened bankruptcy, the pilots and flight attendants called his bluff and offered to do whatever was necessary to save their company. But Lorenzo would have no part of a cooperative effort and sought Chapter 11 protection for a company Lorenzo himself admitted was not bankrupt. Just to make it look good he bounced a few paychecks. It was at precisely this time that Stephen Wolf, the president, resigned. The general consensus is that Mr. Wolf resigned because of Lorenzo's contemptuous attitude toward the employees, all of whom had been associated with Continental years longer than Lorenzo.

You state flatly: "Airline pilots make $80,000." I have been out of the military, where I learned to fly, for more than ten years and have yet to make more than a military pilot makes, which is a long way from $80,000.

Admittedly pilots are well paid. And by attracting good people, U.S. carriers have enjoyed a tremendous safety record. If an airline the size of United had an accident rate comparable to those of some South American carriers, it would crash an airplane a week.

To portray the pilots as overpaid union hacks with no understanding of the bottom line is wrong. The majority of pilots are more closely allied politically with you than with Lane Kirkland. (I have been a NATIONAL REVIEW subscriber since college.) From the perspective of a non-union member, I am convinced that nothing encourages unionism more than Lorenzo-style "management." While deregulation has been good for the traveling public, it has been a disaster for pilots at established carriers. Don't expect us to be as altruistic as Tip would have us think that he is.

John G. Burns
Seattle, Wash.

One More Question

I was impressed with Robert McClory's sober rebuttal ["Was the Fix In between Ford and Nixon?" Oct. 14] to Seymour Hersh's hatchet job. Mr. McClory's piece, however, leaves one point unaddressed. He quotes then-President Ford: "At no time after I became President on August 9, 1974 was the subject of a pardon for Richard M. Nixon raised by the former President or by anyone representing him." We may be confident that this is so. However, the question of possible negotiations between Nixon and Ford before the President's resignation is still left open.

Catherine M. Shea
Astoria, N.Y.

Awesome Acts

Michael Novak's article on Hiroshima ["Hiroshima 1983," Oct. 28] is superb. Novak's description of the restored city brings awe to the reader as one contemplates the immense power of nuclear weapons.

What's interesting to note, however, is the foresight of General Doolittle. Why, he must have been the only man alive who flew B-52s in World War II. According to the 1976 *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Doolittle flew B-25s, not B-52s, during his Tokyo raids in 1942. Maybe Doolittle was just preparing for the bombing raids over North Vietnam in 1972.

David Webb
Salt Lake City, Utah

In His Image

W. Brown Morton Jr.'s criticism ["Letters," Oct. 14] of Steven Baer's anti-infanticide article ["Should Imperfect Infants Survive?" Sept. 2] horrified those of us in the National Organization of Episcopalians for Life (NOEL). Although Mr. Baer's reply offered excellent moral and practical reasons for protecting every human being's right to live, we in NOEL would like to offer our own response, lest *NR* readers infer from Mr. Morton's letter that it has lately become an orthodox Episcopal position to favor depriving handicapped babies of food, water, and necessary medical care.

In answer to Mr. Morton's request for an explanation of why human beings should not "purge their several lineages the same way that the wolves and the caribou do," NOEL would like to suggest that he look to the Bible (which Thomas Cranmer certainly never intended to be superseded even by the Book of Common Prayer). Particularly worthy of attention are Genesis 1:26-27 ("And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness . . ."); Exodus 4:11 ("Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? have not I the LORD?"); and Exodus 20:13 ("Thou shalt not kill"—with no exceptions for handicapped infants). The Gospels give us many accounts of Jesus healing ill and handicapped men, women, and children, but mention no miraculous cures of any other "mammalian species." Throughout the Bible it is made strikingly clear that God has set human life apart from the rest of His Creation.

The ultimate sign of mankind's uniqueness in creation is enunciated in the Nicene Creed contained within our beloved Prayer Book: "Very God of very God . . . Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, And was made man . . ." God did not join Himself to the wolves or the caribou, but through his infinite love eternally joined Himself to mankind, and in His incarnation He has sanctified *all* human life: including the handicapped, the elderly, the unborn.

NOEL invites all Episcopalians who recognize God as the Giver of Life to join us in defending Jesus' most helpless brethren. For further information, please write to us at 12621 Columbia Pike, Silver Spring, Md. 20904.

Elsie Faxon Lewis
Acting Secretary, NOEL
Silver Spring, Md.

A Meaty Metaphor

In "The Week" (Oct. 14, p. 1253) I find the following sentence: "The economy is a shambles; Marxism is a weak and reeling faith." That's—I'm in a generous mood, so I'll go easy on you—that's nonsense. You may as well say, "The economy is a carpentry shop; Marxism is a weak . . . etc." For a shamble, or shamell, is simply a butcher shop (dim. *scamellum* of Lat. *scamnum*, a bench; probably the history goes from "bench" to "chopping block" to the assemblage of butchers in the medieval open-air market, so that "the shambles"—note the plural—came to mean "the meat market"). Of course a butcher does ugly, distasteful, bloody, murderous work; that fellow who stole into the nurses' residence in Chicago some years ago and shot seven or eight of them left that place a shamble for sure. But you may be certain the owner of a profitable meat market—let's say Mr. Armour or Mr. Swift or Mr. Oscar Mayer—runs an orderly, rational, cost-controlled business in the free market, and would be highly insulted to hear that his business is a metaphor for the looniness and misery of the centrally planned economy. And don't try to wriggle off the hook by telling me "everybody understands" it to mean "a mess." What "everybody" understands can very well be wrong, just as "we all know" that Santayana "said" that "those who do not know history are doomed to repeat it," and yet no one has ever been able to find that statement in Santayana's published works. It's no go, attributing to Santayana something he didn't say even though all the world "knows" he said it; and no go, either, calling a perfectly good free-market enterprise an example of Marxist unreason simply because there's a dab of blood on the windowsill.

Otherwise the issue had fewer disgraces than usual. Keep up the good work, friends!

Wm. F. Rickenbacker
West Boxford, Mass.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ The White House can circle Oct. 27 in red. That's the day **Ronald Reagan** took his case on Grenada and Lebanon to the people, and the effects were magical. Take just the *Washington Post*/ABC News poll. On Oct. 26 it found people *disapproving* of Reagan's foreign policy 50 to 44 per cent. On Oct. 28, same polling outfit found people *approving* of Reagan's foreign policy 59 to 39. Overall approval of Reagan's performance went from 53 per cent pre-speech to 63 post-speech. This, commented the *Post*, was "a dramatic turnabout," which, says political analyst **Kevin Phillips**, will not fade the way the *Mayagüez* incident did for **Gerald Ford**. . . . A *Post*/ABC News poll a week later found approval of Reagan's handling of economy now at 56 per cent, up eight points from September. Since September Reagan has also gained eight points against **Fritz Mondale**, 13 against **John Glenn**, both of whom guessed wrong on the public's reaction to Grenada. The only Democratic candidate to support government on the invasion was **Reubin Askew**. "A win is a win is a win," says Askew. . . . On the hysterical Left, the boys were at it. Rep. **Theodore Weiss** (D., N.Y.) told a get-out-of-Grenada rally on Manhattan's flaky West Side that he planned to introduce an impeach-Reagan resolution in Congress, and Rep. **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.) got a federal district court judge in San Francisco to order preliminary investigation of his charge that Reagan and Co. violated the Neutrality Act. Dellums and Co. seem a bit vague about who's running the store. Named in the charge are Reagan, **Casey**, **Weinberger**, and—surprise—**Alexander Haig**, but not **George Shultz**.

■ A week earlier Reagan was guilty of "gunboat diplomacy" and adventurism, but after a delegation of prominent House Democrats returned from a fact-finding mission to Grenada, Speaker **Tip O'Neill** changed his mind. Mr. Reagan was "justified" in taking the action he did, said O'Neill. Members of the delegation—including some big guns in the House: Majority Whip **Tom Foley**; **Edward Boland**, chairman of the House Intelligence Committee; and **Michael Barnes**, head of House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Latin America—all indicated if the President needed more time to restore order in Grenada they'd look kindly on such a request. Their on-the-spot discussions with Grenadians confirmed polls that showed 91 per cent in favor of U.S. intervention and—interesting sidebar on Grenadian perception of why we went in—more Grenadians (85 per cent) felt it was to help free them from Cuban domination than to save the lives of Americans on the island (62 per cent). . . . *Christian Science Monitor* reporter **James Nelson Goodsell**, filing from Buenos Aires, says a number of Latin American leaders, while making the ritual protest against the U.S. action, are in fact pleased to see Castro cut down to size. He quotes one president as saying: "It had to be done. The growing presence of Cuban troops and arms, the utter chaos of the island's government, and the whole threat to peace demanded action."

Pyne, *Punch* Rothco

"Unfortunately, I'm suffering from a sexually transmitted disease—it's called life."

■ **Jesse Jackson** is in the Democratic race and that, say **Evans & Novak**, "is a tremendous minus for **Mondale**." . . . The radical *Guardian* believes Jackson's candidacy will split the black community, with blue-collar blacks backing him, the establishment types (**Coretta King**, **Benjamin Hooks**) sticking with Mondale, the AFL-CIO, and the Democratic establishment. . . . It's third-party time: **John Anderson** announced the formation of his National Unity Party a week ago and admits, modestly, that "if the party were to ask me to become its standard-bearer" he will. . . . Leading contender for presidential nomination in **Barry Commoner**'s Citizens Party is off-the-left-wall ex-Mormon feminist **Sonia Johnson**, who at press conference in Washington seemed to be declaring war on men. ("Men are locked in the conquistador mind, the rapist mentality.") . . . Other political tidbits. It's good news for GOP that Sen. **Mark Hatfield** will run again; it will make it that much harder for Democrats to win the Senate in '84. . . . Expect **Ray Shamie**, who did the politically impossible in Massachusetts last year—holding **Teddy Kennedy** to under 60 per cent of the vote—to announce against **Paul Tsongas** later this month. . . . In North Carolina, most recent **De Vries** poll shows **Jesse Helms** now only six points behind Democratic Gov. **James Hunt**, his probable '84 opponent.

■ **Richard Nixon**'s comment on Grenada: Sure the press covered the D-Day landings—but in those days it was on our side.

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THE WEEK

■ Would the press have been invited along at Normandy if it had taken the view that the Roosevelt Administration was being hysterical about Hitler?

■ As we go to press, not all the election results are in. But in one race, out in Washington State, that may be a good barometer for 1984, the reading is fair weather ahead. Republican Dan Evans beat liberal Democratic Representative Mike Lowry in the contest for Henry Jackson's seat, a race Democrats had called a "referendum on Reagan policies." An added bonus: the Republican edge in the Senate is now 55 to 45, which means that the Democrats will have to take one more seat than they had figured on in 1984 to gain control of the Senate. . . . Down south, Kathryn McDonald, widow of Representative Larry McDonald, lost the runoff for her husband's seat to fellow Democrat state legislator George Darden. . . . Democratic Attorney General Bill Allain, accused of homosexuality, beat Leon Bramlett for the Mississippi governorship. . . . Martha Layne Collins struck out the Republican candidate, former baseball pitcher Jim Bunning, in the Kentucky gubernatorial match. . . . In the Middle West, three Republicans, William Hudnut, Donna Owens, and Dana Rinehart, were elected mayors, respectively, of Indianapolis, Toledo, and Columbus. . . . Ohioans defeated two tax-cut measures supported by Democratic Governor Richard Celeste. . . . Philadelphia got its first black mayor, Wilson Goode, winner in a three-way race. . . . Tired of pitted roads and suspect bridges, New Yorkers passed a $1.25-billion transportation bond issue. . . . And finally, from Rotterdam, New York, comes this mordant note: Democrat John Kirvin, who died during a TV debate with his opponent for town supervisor, Rodney Bakos, beat Bakos in the election, 6,388 to 4,780. Talk about your tombstone vote . . .

■ House Speaker Tip O'Neill (Demag., Mass.) showed a touch of class—*his* class—the other day whilst discussing the Reagan regime. Reagan, said Tip, "is wrong in his policy. He's caused us continuous harm. He flubbed everything along the line. . . . He's just absolutely missed the boat. He's got a million people in Europe marching against our policy. . . . He has no knowledge or no [*sic*] talent of [*sic*] the things that are happening out there. . . . He only works three to three and a half hours a day. He doesn't do his homework. He doesn't read his briefing papers. It's sinful that this man is President of the United States. He lacks the knowledge that he should [*sic*], on [*sic*] every sphere, whether it's the domestic or whether it's the international sphere. . . . He could quit tomorrow, and she would be queen of Beverly Hills." The Speaker, 71, also accused the President of being 72. A brilliant observation. For his mad assault on the President's wife he was prevailed upon to apologize. For his assault on the intelligence of the American people there is a better remedy: Put him out to pasture, muzzled.

■ Even while O'Neill (see above) was dishonestly accusing Reagan of "wounding" seventy million Americans, the Labor Department reported a sharp further drop in the unemployment rate—down to 8.8 per cent, from 10.8 per cent last December, and the lowest it has been since February 1982. Statisticians note that the figures seem strange, because there was an unexplained drop of about half a million in the total work force. U.S. employment statistics have been notoriously slippery for twenty years, and in recent times the rapid growth of the underground economy has vitiated the figures even further. The growth of the unreported economy can be estimated from the growth of cash currency in circulation—about 12 per cent per year (i.e., the underground economy doubles every six years). The underground, unreported, invisible economy may by now be as large as 20 per cent of total economic activity in this country. It could be that the true level of genuine, long-term, disastrous unemployment of male heads of household is edging toward the irreducible "frictional" level of 2 to 3 per cent.

■ Where the description of the "failed, disastrous policies" of the Carter Administration is concerned, was the speaker Ronald Reagan in 1980? No, John Glenn in 1983, responding to an attack by Walter Mondale on his tax-cut votes. Glenn hit hard. Mondale was "part of the Administration that gave us 21 per cent interest rates and 17 per cent inflation rates." Change, said Glenn, was "absolutely necessary." If, in the end, Glenn fails to get the Democratic nomination, he has already recorded some fine Reagan TV spots.

■ "It may sound a little sententious, but I'm trying to decide what's best for the country," says John Anderson, by way of announcing that he is about to announce that John Anderson would be good for the country. It may sound a little sententious on our part, but the more the merrier, and may the best man win.

■ House and Senate negotiators have agreed to extend extended benefits for the jobless for another 18 months. Which is a vote to extend chronic unemployment for another 18 months. In everyday market terms, such benefits are dollar demand for the "service" of unemployment. Naturally, the supply of unemployment will rise to meet the demand. It follows ineluctably that unemployment will remain at exactly the level dictated

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Practically everyone in this city agrees that Grenada is a smashing political win for Ronald Reagan, one that prodigiously strengthens his hand in the hemisphere and with Congress. The visiting congressional delegation—especially House Majority Whip Tom Foley, whose post-inspection statements have worked incredible political magic for Mr. Reagan—deserves its share of the credit for what is becoming an unprecedented transformation in attitude.

The other big story here is the extent to which Castro is being castrated by his massive humiliation. Radio Havana had been playing Grenada as a big moral victory for Cuba, but that line started to sound empty as Cuban prisoners returned in incrementally increasing numbers—deliberately stretched out by the State Department—so that now the moral-victory line has been largely dropped. Meanwhile, Castro is suffering setbacks everywhere. In Angola, Savimbi has put the 25,000 Cubans on the defensive, along with their Angolan hosts. Castro's efforts to Cubanize smaller Caribbean islands like Dominica, Antigua, St. Vincent, and St. Lucia were turned on their head by those islands' generally conservative governments. Also, astonishingly, Surinam's Desi Bouterse, who had been friendly with Fidel, has given his resident Cubans the boot. At home, Fidel is faced with economic wreckage.

The Administration's policy in the aftermath of Grenada has two pivots: first, to serve the rhetorical offensive, especially within the hemisphere. The poignant Rose Garden thank-you from the medical students to the U.S. military was one part of this campaign, and a powerful one. The idea is to drown out the debate—already receding in the distance—over whether the Grenada action conformed to every legal technicality that doctrinaire pettifoggers in Reagan's opposition can assemble as a test of justice and rectitude. "If we let them keep the focus on that debate," notes a White House aide, "we'll be letting them take the high moral ground. We're going to hit the theme that sovereignty is tied to the legitimacy of a government." A top State official adds: "We're going to make it plain to Third World governments that when they invite Cuba or the Soviets to give them aid, they're inviting people in who will manipulate their governments, and murder their leaders. That's the Third World lesson of Grenada."

Secondly, the Administration is bent on mending its fences with our European allies, lest the Pershing- and cruise-missile deployment be reduced or postponed. The Brits are again raising the dual-key issue, whereby both governments would control missile launchings. The National Security Council doesn't mind sharing a control relationship with Margaret Thatcher, but sharing it with a British Labour government would be, obviously, another story.

■ The fence-mending job has fallen principally on Ken Dam, Deputy Secretary of State and long-time friend (and quasi-protégé) of George Shultz. Dam served in Richard Nixon's OMB when Shultz was Secretary of the Treasury, and they both taught at the University of Chicago. Naturally reserved, Dam has blossomed of late, notably at the AP Magazine Editors Conference in Louisville and in testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee. In both instances, his performance was low-key but ultra-persuasive. "He turned the members around on the issue by his command of facts and his composure," notes one Hill observer. Thirtyish in appearance but closer to fifty in age, Dam can cool down a febrile situation by earnest appeals to facts and reason. So he has exactly the right persona—neither bellicose nor cowboy American—to handle the repair job in Paris, Bonn, Rome, London, the Hague, and Brussels, where his recent tour brought him.

■ While Ronald Reagan is ladling out copious commendations to the Pentagon for its performance in Grenada, the State Department also deserves kudos. Tony Motley, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, and his band of five deputies did a crack job, without which many pitfalls would not have been so deftly sidestepped, and Fidel's current torment would not be as acute as it now is. You, Dear Reader, may recall that Cato took notice (October 14) that certain Reaganites were disquieted by Mr. Motley's choosing to keep on (and promote) four of Tom Enders's key staffers. Well, as it turns out, these four deputy assistant secretaries to Tony Motley all won their spurs in the Grenada crisis, and handily, despite the large contingent of Nervous Nellies elsewhere in the Department whose handwringing over the intervention was in the true striped-pants tradition. Craig Johnstone, Jim Michel, and Charlie Gillespie handled the tough operational assignments of the Grenada action (Gillespie on the island), while Lowell Kilday ran the store, and Heritage Foundation alumnus (and political appointee) Richard Holwill ably abetted Tony Motley in strategy planning. All's well that ends well.

—CATO

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by joint House-Senate demand, i.e., high, for as long as the politicians go on buying joblessness with public money, i.e., as long as the marginal satisfaction of living on the dole exceeds the satisfaction of earning a living, i.e., for the next 18 months for sure.

■ In its first attempt to deal with the nuclear-freeze issue, the Senate defeated, 58 to 40, an amendment calling for "a mutual, verifiable freeze" on nuclear armaments. Twelve Democrats joined 46 Republicans in turning back the proposal. As thus formulated, the freeze has an illusory, even disingenuous character. The Soviets have given no indication of being interested in a freeze. The goal of a "verifiable" freeze is probably impossible to achieve. Most disarmament groups, while publicly advocating such a freeze, have tacitly dropped "mutual" out of their operative formulation and desire unilateral U.S. disarmament. We have been resisting without success the temptation to call those advocating a "mutual, verifiable freeze" simply liars.

■ *The Day After* draws nearer. The ABC-TV movie, a sort of consciousness-raising version of *The Towering Inferno*, is meant to do to Kansas what Orson Welles inadvertently did to New Jersey in 1938. Not for nothing did François Mitterrand recently observe that all the missiles are in the East, all the peace movements in the West.

■ Oh yes, politics is the art of the possible. Looking at

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Grenada, though, one sees it is also the science of the *fait accompli.*

■ CAPITALIST OUTRAGE OF THE WEEK. In the past few years the airline pilots' union has made what it calls billions of dollars in pay and work-rule concessions to the airlines. Now Henry Duffy, president of the union, complains that instead of improving their financial condition with the money, "airlines have used these savings to fight senseless price wars." Will these businesses never learn to stop conspiring against the public interest?

■ According to Americas Watch, a New York-based human-rights group, Cuba's political prisoners serve terms that are among the longest in the world. The group also notes that neither freedom of expression nor civil liberties exist in Cuba. Some information about conditions there comes from those who have been able to leave, such as the poet Armando Valladares—invaluable information, since Cuba has naturally denied human-rights groups permission to visit the country. The U.S., however, is taking the peculiar position that it will no longer process immigration visas for former political prisoners until the Cuban government repatriates the criminals and mentally ill who arrived as part of the Mariel boat lift. In other words, we're punishing the victims rather than the oppressors.

■ How are human rights doing in the Soviet Union? What is life like in Soviet-occupied Afghanistan? Does Solidarity have a future? How are political prisoners treated in Cuba? What's it like in Haiti, Nicaragua, Vietnam? If your school or organization wants the answers to these questions, it can do one of two things: contact an official of the government in question and ask him to lecture—Soviet officials were all over the country last spring—or drop a line to Barbara Futterman at Freedom House. In short order you will receive a list of speakers with one common denominator: They can give haunting first-hand testimony of twentieth-century barbarism. American-born Victor Herman can talk about his life in the Soviet Gulag, where he was reduced to eating rats; exiled Soviet General Petro Grigorenko can talk about the kind of rats you can't eat: "the rats who have emerged from the underground"—the rulers of the Soviet Union. For information on these and other Freedom House speakers contact Barbara Futterman, Director, Lecture Bureau, Freedom House, 20 West 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10018.

■ Evidently hunting was quite the rage among the men of Grenada. They were to receive, on average, about $2,000 worth of nifty gear apiece, including submachine guns, carbines, land mines, grenades, pistols, snipers' rifles, rocket-propelled grenade launchers, and lots of ammo, all as a gift from their fellow Nimrods in the Soviet Union, Cuba, and North Korea. No doubt intended for hunting clubs or local bigwigs were eighty machine guns and sixty armored personnel carriers, prized for wild-boar hunts.

■ The *New York Times* vouchsafes that "the cost [of intervening in Grenada] is loss of the moral high ground . . ." An elegant point, to be sure, but what the "moral high ground" was, was not clear until we read the captured documents concerning the previous Soviet intervention in Grenada. Now we know. The moral high ground is imposing our system on South America, Central America, and Africa, by force of arms if necessary. Let's get busy!

■ Going the rounds. The six steps of a government project:

1. Enthusiasm.
2. Despair.
3. Panic.
4. The search for the guilty.
5. The punishment of the innocent.
6. Praise and honors for the nonparticipants.

■ Captured Interior Department documents reveal that what Mr. Watt really said was "a black, a woman, two Jews, and a Soviet attack submarine."

■ Fidel Castro ordered his construction workers in Grenada to fight to the death, unaccountably ignoring numerous reminders of their noncombatant status by the liberal media in this country.

■ Iranian Prime Minister Hussein Moussavi says liberals will be allowed on the ballot next year in that country, so long as they don't win anything or meddle in policy. That makes us look like a backward country.

Grenada Fallout

Instead of kitty litter, I
Find shredded *New York Times* a buy,
While Sambeau (that's my cat) is keen
On paper from *Time* magazine.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Meaning of Grenada

Amid the kaleidoscopic onrush of images and events associated with Grenada, two moments of exquisite meaning stand out. One was the emotional outpouring of gratitude and praise from the American medical students rescued from Grenada—a response that all too obviously stunned and embarrassed the establishment media. The other was when Fidel Castro sagged limply backward into an armchair, telling reporters feebly

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that there was nothing he could do. Grenada, evidently, pierced Fidel to his very paranoic quick.

Full well Fidel might sag, for the action in Grenada represents the first time in history that U.S. military power has reversed a Communist revolution and liberated a people from Marxist-Leninist rule. (The only other Communist regimes that have been toppled since 1917 have been overthrown by other Communist regimes—a phenomenon akin to inter-gang warfare.) This gives the action in Grenada an historical significance even greater, by a good bit, than the strategic importance of the island. Marx and Lenin preached historical inevitability, and Brezhnev proclaimed a doctrine of the irreversibility of Communist rule. Grenada confounds this Communist pantheon. The Marines did not just take an island; they stopped the march of history dead in its inexorable tracks.

There have been rumors of Cuban retaliation (see below) and speculation about a bold Soviet response to Grenada. Almost certainly, we will see neither, for both Havana and Moscow—like anti-American regimes everywhere—partake of a bully spirit that preys on weakness, but shrinks in the face of strength.

The liberation of Grenada will have positive reverberations for U.S. foreign policy around the globe. Surinam's disinvitation of its Cuban advisors is an early case in point. Our action will deter for a time Cuban adventurism in the Caribbean, it will knock a little sense into the Sandinistas (expect temporary sweetness and light from that quarter), and it will dampen "revolutionary ardor" (bully instincts) in El Salvador. Even the Kremlin will likely beat a prudent retreat for a time; Andropov, said to be suffering from a physical ailment, more likely is in a state of acute shock. Viewed from this perspective, the U.S. operation in Grenada represents a powerful blow on behalf of the cause to which Reagan's most passionate critics fervently claim allegiance. Grenada was a blow for peace.

Memo to Secret Service: Assassination Time?

Lyndon Johnson went to his grave believing that Fidel Castro, possibly in collusion with the KGB, was behind the assassination of John F. Kennedy. As he told ABC's Howard K. Smith, "Kennedy was trying to get to Castro, but Castro got to him first." When Smith pressed for details, Johnson replied: "It will all come out eventually."

In October 1963, a month before Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas, Castro made a major address arising out of the failure of a leftist coup in Santo Domingo. He pointed to "a great lesson for the Dominican people and for all the peoples, that there is only one way, there is only one remedy: to liquidate the militarists, to fight the militarists and shoot their leaders . . ." (Direct threats against foreign leaders have in fact been commonplace in Castro's rhetoric.)

In the aftermath of Reagan's successful operation in Grenada, which humiliated Castro both personally and politically, Castro urged violent groups in Latin America to kill Americans in retaliation. It is now the twentieth anniversary of Kennedy's murder.

Castro is not some cool theoretician, and he is not a Soviet-style "survivor" like Molotov or Gromyko. He is a visceral hater of the United States who has been involved in violence since his student days at the University of Havana. His emotional profile resembles that of a Nazi-style street-fighter of the 1930s rather than that of a bureaucratic Communist from the Eastern European bloc.

Reagan has struck a wounding blow at Castro's Latin sense of machismo: Even the rats are leaving the Castro ship, as Surinam severs previously close relations. Furthermore, Castro almost certainly believes that the Grenada operation was a rehearsal for direct U.S. action against Nicaragua and Cuba. Last week, Cuban Deputy Foreign Minister Ricardo Alarcón said that today Cuba stands in greater danger than it did at the time of the Bay of Pigs: "For the first time Cubans have had to resist an attack by the U.S. Army, not just mercenaries." At his most recent press conference in Havana—his brother Raúl was enraged that it was not covered by U.S. media—Castro practically frothed at the mouth with hatred for Reagan and the United States.

The Secret Service and other agencies protecting the personal safety of the President should recognize that at the present time he is a potential target for some of the most violent groups in the world. There has already been some sort of assassination threat from North Korea in connection with his Asian visit. The Middle East swarms with extremist kamikazes. And Fidel Castro is still, as the late John F. Kennedy used to say, only ninety miles from our shore. Extraordinary precautions are called for.

Noted in Sorrow

I gather Mrs. Thatcher's mad.
She feels Her Majesty's been had
Because the Queen was not informed
Before Grenada's forts were stormed;
But I presume she'll save the Queen
Next time the Argentines turn mean.

W. H. VON DREELE

Beliefs That Kill

On his way to join the holy martyrs Hassan and Hussein, a smiling sectarian crashes his truck into the lobby of Marine headquarters and blows up two hundred

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American Marines. Media spielers (echoed by Vice President Bush and others who ought to know better) called this coup "a cowardly act of terrorism."

Cruel it is, and treacherous; cowardly it is not. Like the peacekeepers he slaughters, the bomber boldly defends his faith. The difference is one of culture, not of character. Terrorism is a dangerous trade practiced not by cowards but by fearless men and women who happen to disagree with civilized people about how to build a good society. Character may determine which side will win, but only belief can determine what is right. Marines fight bravely and sometimes die for freedom under constitutional government; the bomber gladly gives his life for a theocracy that beheads heretics. Marines stand against totalist imperialism; the bomber believes Allah has commanded the Soviet Satan to serve Shi'ites. Beliefs give rise to admirable acts and to intolerable acts, both relative to belief. Media elitists saturated with junk thought, guided by unprofessed commitments, reluctant to admit that they believe anything, routinely turn courage into "cowardice," cowardice into "concern," surrender into "sanity," slavery into "peace." More ordinary people are killed by these pseudo-rational propagandists managing the news than by fanatics driving to Heaven.

TEFRA II?

Do not be alarmed. Senator Robert Dole may stamp and make menacing gestures, but there is a solid wall of Plexiglas between him and the nervous taxpayer. It's true he's hungry again for another tax hike, so soon after finishing off the victims of his Tax Equity and Fiscal Responsibility Act (TEFRA) last year, but neither Congress nor the Administration shows any sign of throwing him one, certainly not the $55 billion he has in mind. Nor can he hope for an ambush victory like the one last year, since Senator Hatch of Utah has prepared one hundred amendments to ensure that his colleagues will treat any tax proposal with all due deliberation. And the other Republicans in Congress seem much less connable than last year.

In fact the good senator has changed and grown so much that he hardly fits his surroundings at all, like Alice after she drank that potion and had to put one arm out the window and one foot up the chimney of the little house. The Reagan Administration no longer lends him a sympathetic ear, and hardly anyone is likely to fall a second time for the notion that tax increases will somehow be matched by spending cuts.

That wisdom, however, was dearly bought. Last year the famous ratio of 3 to 1—three dollars in spending cuts for every dollar in tax increases—attracted a lot of moderate conservatives to the TEFRA bandwagon. Before the President had even signed the bill the ratio already looked more like 1 to 3; that is, the spending cuts had shrunk to only one-third the size of the tax increases. Now, a little more than a year later, the most recent Congressional Budget Office (CBO) figures reveal that the spending cuts turned out to be *negative*. Here are the details:

Projected Non-Defense, Non-Interest Spending (In Billions)

First Budget Resolution June '82		CBO Estimates Aug. '83	
Fiscal '83	$443	Fiscal '83	$505
'84	461	'84	515
'85	490	'85	541
Total	$1,394	Total	$1,561

The original $1,394 billion represented a promised $146-billion cut from the previously planned spending levels. Of that $146 billion in cuts, $93 billion was never delivered, according to Office of Management and Budget analysis. The remaining $53 billion in cuts was more than canceled out by $74 billion in *new* domestic spending, leaving a jump of $21 billion from the old spending level, and of $167 billion from the spending level the Reagan Administration thought it was getting when it supported TEFRA. Just as conservatives had predicted, Congress took the new revenue and spent it on vote-buying programs, leaving the deficit practically unchanged. (Incidentally, if you're wondering what happened to defense spending, it's below the spending levels in real terms proposed by Jimmy Carter.)

That makes a persuasive policy reason for opposing TEFRA II, but there is a political argument that deserves mentioning. White House pragmatists don't want to start another war with the conservative movement like the one last summer. It's sort of a backbone domino effect: Because the conservatives had the guts to stand up to the Administration last year, the Administration has the guts to stand up to Dole this year.

Chris Craft Is Cross

Christine Craft, blonde, 35 at the time, was hired as a television news "co-anchor" by KMBC in Kansas City in December 1980. After half a year of her services the station began getting negative reactions from viewers during routine audience surveys. Viewers found her lacking in "warmth" and "comfort," too opinionated, and too casually dressed. In August 1981 the station demoted her. She quit, and sued for $1.2 million, charging the station with violating the Civil Rights Act by allowing her gender to color its decisions concerning her employment.

The case had two aspects: sex discrimination and fraud. As to discrimination, the question was whether the station had held Miss Craft to higher standards of

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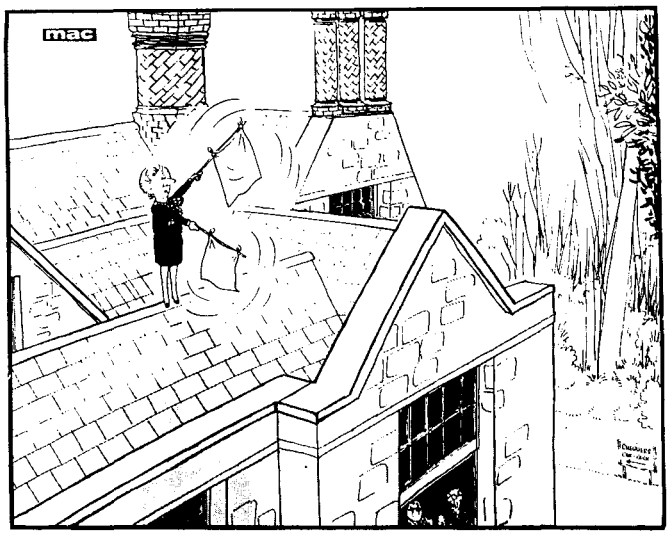

Mac, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"Damned awkward for the PM—announcing her reshuffle just when the Telecom engineers decide to escalate their action."

dress and manners than it applied to the men. As to fraud, the question was whether Miss Craft's employment contract, which mentioned journalistic duties but not female aesthetics, had been violated.

U.S. District Court Judge Joseph E. Stevens Jr. presided over the trial last August. The jury—composed of four members of one sex and two of the other, if that grabs you—awarded Miss Craft $500,000. The judge upheld the award, but the station moved for a new trial, arguing that excessive and impassioned publicity had influenced the jury's deliberations.

Last week Judge Stevens ruled that there had been no sex discrimination (in fact there had been: The woman had been hired because they needed a woman). He also threw out the $500,000 award and ordered a new trial on the fraud charges, this time before a sequestered jury in the more remote venue of Joplin, Missouri.

Miss Craft, who has abandoned television for the commercial lecture circuit, where she pleads her case as a professional journalist scorned, heard about the judge's decision while passing through Milwaukee. "I am appalled," said she. "I am not surprised. . . . I think as a reporter I was prepared for the worst. . . . I know that what happened to me was clearly discriminatory on the basis of my sex and was clearly fraudulent. . . . In this country at this time it's perfectly acceptable for a woman to be told that she has to hide her intelligence to make men look smarter. I am appalled. I am shocked. What it says about the state of women and the state of journalism in this country is frightening. . . . Judge Stevens is a conservative Ronald Reagan appointee. I doubt that through the trial Judge Stevens had any idea what sex discrimination is."

Of course that was the professional journalist speaking. Lord help us when she tries to talk cute.

Dictatorships and Democracies

When, two years ago, a military government was declared in Poland, Soviet apologists were quick to point out that NATO too had a military government in its midst (Turkey's) and that our criticisms might better be directed there. They were also eager to remind us that our own hemisphere was rife with military dictatorships, like the one in Argentina, whose unspeakable crimes made our response to martial law in Poland hypocritical.

To set the record straight, we would point out that military government in Poland was only a temporary expedient for rescuing a long-established dictatorship from being toppled by a workers' revolution. Said dictatorship is alive and well today, after 35 years of continuous rule. But in both Argentina and Turkey, the last fortnight has seen a peaceful transition from military governments to democratic rule; and in both cases parties came to power that the professional officer corps had opposed. These transitions amounted to a powerful twofold testimony to the fundamental difference between authoritarian and totalitarian dictatorships. The former regularly evolve peacefully into democratic states; the latter, never.

This being said, the verdict on military rule is mixed. There are vast differences between the transition in Turkey and that in Argentina. In Istanbul, power is reverting to the civilians because the military government of General Kenan Evren had been so successful; in Argentina, because the military government had failed so abysmally. By all accounts, the military takeover in Turkey in 1980 was popular, and General Evren has succeeded in restoring a measure of stability and internal peace to a country that had been racked by terrorist violence and chaos. His successor, Turgut Ozal, can now build on a solid foundation. The generals in Buenos Aires, on the other hand, dragged their country into a pointless and futile war and bequeathed an economic mess to their successors. The Argentine president-elect, Raúl Alfonsín, has his work cut out for him. Included in it is the cultivation of democratic appetites.

Reflections on Jackson

It seems likely that one morning, perhaps a year or so ago, the Reverend Jesse Jackson looked in the mirror and asked, "Why not?" The ensuing months can only have reinforced the obvious answer to that rhetorical question. As Jackson himself remarked recently, the other Democratic candidates "have not been able to excite interest among the masses of people. . . . None of them have really caught fire in the sense that a Democratic candidate must."

There can be little argument about that assessment.

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Add to it the fact that inflation and unemployment are down, and it's not surprising that the President has been pulling away from the two Democratic front-runners in the polls. Mondale, for all his orthodox political support, has always looked like a loser; and Glenn, right stuff or not, has so far seemed badly organized, politically amorphous, and—it has to be said—boring.

Whatever else may be said about Jesse Jackson, he is not boring. He makes a good speech. He has a fine sense of humor. Next to his seven beige Democratic opponents, he comes across in Technicolor. Considered purely in dramatic terms, he will be a plus for the campaign.

Nor is it a bad idea for black interests to be articulated nationally by a black spokesman. At the national level, blacks have customarily brokered their interests through white Democratic liberals. Why not eliminate the middleman? Blacks have been elected to local and state office, including the mayoralty in several major cities, and they have been elected to Congress. Representative Shirley Chisholm ran an entirely symbolic presidential candidacy in 1972. It was inevitable that blacks would run seriously for national office some day, and now is as good a time as any.

Black leaders are far from unanimous in their admiration for Jackson, some claiming that he is all mouth and ego with little follow-through. There may be a good deal of jealousy in that view, however, and a national campaign is just the place to put it to the test.

On the issues, sad to say, the early indications are that Jackson is making a large strategic mistake. In the past, he has not been altogether predictable. He has stressed themes of black self-help and enterprise, and he has been socially conservative in some respects, as on abortion. But Jackson appears to be running for President on the extreme left. He is, for example, to be a featured speaker at the November 12 March on Washington, for which all the portents are dismal. The ads read: "U.S. Marines Out of Grenada," "Stop the Attacks on Nicaragua," "Help Replace What Reagan Destroys—Send Oil to Nicaragua! Bring a Can of Motor Oil to the November 12 March."

Jackson has also been demanding "new covenants" with labor and management, by which he appears to mean larger racial quotas and more racial favoritism. His attacks on Boll Weevil conservative Democrats will not do the party much good in the South and Southwest. Demands for increased federal social spending will not do the party much good anywhere.

If Jackson indeed runs as a far-left candidate, this could be salutary, though not for him personally. If he identifies himself with Third World Communism abroad, and with racist quotas and welfarism at home, he will provide a clear opportunity for the voters to annihilate those positions at the ballot box.

Baby Jane And The New York Times

"Baby Jane Doe" is a Long Island infant born with hydrocephalus—water on the brain—and spina bifida. With surgery she could be expected to live, pitiably incapable, into her twenties: crippled, severely retarded, bedridden, without the use of her hands, unable to control her bladder and bowels. Without major surgery she would probably die within a couple of years. Her parents have decided against surgery.

If ever there was a hard case, this is it. The Reagan Administration has asked to see the hospital's records, on the grounds that a civil-rights issue is at stake.

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Ron's Man in Connecticut

I've pinched myself until I'm blue,
Blinked, blown my nose, and thrown a shoe,
Yet Lowell Weicker, left-wing nut,
Will run things in Connecticut.
He's much worse than an albatross
Or Dracula as blood-bank boss,
So either we've been very shrewd
Or party pros have come unglued.

W. H. VON DREELE

The child's parents object to this as an invasion of their privacy, and the *New York Times* agrees, calling the Administration "Big Brother."

We are reluctant to have the Federal Government playing Solomon in such cases, but then it was we, not the *New York Times*, who objected to the civil-rights legislation of the Sixties. We lost; the *Times* got its way; Washington became the arbiter of all sorts of local and intimate decisions that had formerly been left to local authorities or to private institutions and persons. It is ironic to find the *Times* telling its favorite level of government to butt out, after years of preaching the doctrine that only the Federal Government can protect individuals' rights against local violations.

Well, now that everybody's business is Uncle Sam's business, Uncle Sam has no choice but to take responsibility for poor creatures like Baby Jane Doe. She may be just the hard case the *Times* seeks in its continuing campaign to melt down traditional moral standards and family obligations, but the *Times* is in no position to complain about federal intrusion. Does it want Baby Jane Doe to live, or not? That is the question before the nation—the whole nation—and liberal opinion is estopped from appealing to the principle of subsidiarity. If we were in charge, we'd say: Here is an example of when heroic therapy is closer to the idolatry of life, than to its veneration.

In Memoriam

The events in Dallas, Texas, on November 22, 1963, were such as to knock anything less shocking off the front pages and out of people's minds. The identity and political background of the assassin; the nation's grief; the implications of the succession of a new President: all these were more than enough to distract the attention from the quiet death of a 64-year-old retired Oxford don. So much so that even NATIONAL REVIEW, many of whose editors have a special interest in his works, failed, at the time, to publish an obituary of C. S. Lewis.

The lack of notice would probably not have displeased the author of *The Personal Heresy*, who found it a moral duty to stifle any personal pride in authorship. Meanwhile, he is one of the few writers who have suffered no posthumous decline in popularity. The bulk of his writings remain in print, and, twenty years after his death, new editions from publishers (some specifically Christian, some secular) here and in Britain continue to come out. Of much more importance to his beneficent shade are the readers of those books: the pleasure they take in them, the spiritual consolation and guidance, the assistance toward clarity of thought. These do him honor, keeping his memory green.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I too am having a problem with the covers of your magazine. Mine, however, is not with the ink [see "Notes & Asides," Oct. 14], but with the covers themselves—or rather, the lack of them. My copy invariably arrives with the cover entirely missing or, at the very least, mangled beyond recognition. It is a puzzle to me that NATIONAL REVIEW actually reaches me without an address label. (Can I be your sole subscriber in San Francisco?)

Lest you think that all of our mail suffers the same fate, let me assure you that of the half-dozen or so publications to which my husband and I subscribe, yours is the only one selected for this treatment. Congratulations! You are obviously getting through to someone.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Witschner
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mrs. Witschner: Terribly sorry about that. But petty pilferage is a problem, and postmen are the first to recognize how valuable *NR* covers will be in the future, like those upside-down Monégasque stamps. Maybe you should order two copies? Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Intelligent Columnist:

Many thanks for your recent letter. It is always nice to open the mailbox and find that a noted editor has been thoughtful enough to take the time to write a few friendly lines. I hasten to respond because—unlike some people—we Muirs were brought up to answer all of our correspondence. Would you believe that Anna May Mobeleski has still not answered the letter I wrote her from camp in 1951?

It was unseasonably warm in Ann Arbor this summer with precious little rain. And you know what that means: spending half my time dragging the old garden

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hoses around so the neighbors won't get up in arms about my lawn turning brown and destroying everyone's property values. Sometimes I think I ought to get one of those sprinkler systems, but you can bet that the minute I do—you guessed it: a ten-year rainy season. Isn't that the way it always goes? Ha!

Hope you had a pleasant Labor Day weekend. Mine wasn't particularly pleasant, but it certainly was productive—I painted my house! Surprised? Well so were all my neighbors, because I didn't decide to do it until Thursday night. The idea came to me while I was listening to the Tiger game, and when I get an idea, I don't hesitate. As Uncle Elmer always used to say, "Great ideas are like fainting women; they must be carried out." It turned out to be a great idea because when I got to K-Mart, I found that they had exactly the shade I wanted on sale for $12.97 (per gallon). My girlfriend, Shirley, came over on Saturday and painted the low places, and then on Monday my brother Roy did the high peaks. I get a very bad case of wobbly knees when I get about halfway up a ladder, but Roy is just like a squirrel and can stand right on the top rung. He takes after our mother in that regard. I remember when we were kids, Mom and Roy would walk right across the top rail of the bridge at Aunt Jennie's, while I couldn't even do it on my hands and knees.

Anyway, we got the job completely finished by Monday afternoon. That's pretty good considering that I had to take time out to shoot down a Soviet spy plane that invaded the air space over my mulberry tree. When I got to the pile of wreckage, I discovered that the Russkie pilot had cleverly disguised himself as a traffic reporter for Channel Two.

Well, I'm off to Port Huron next weekend for Aunt Madelaine and Uncle Chris's golden wedding anniversary celebration. It hardly seems possible that they have been married fifty years. It seems like only about a decade ago that we celebrated their fortieth. It should be a lot of fun because the whole family will be there, and you can bet I'll take my camera. I can't wait for everyone to gather around for the group picture because Uncle Burt always puts his hand on Aunt Sarah's breast just the second before the shutter is snapped. He's been doing this every time for more than thirty years. She gets *so* mad, but it always gets a big laugh. Some people thought he'd quit after Aunt Sarah had her mastectomy, but nothing stops Uncle Burt. The pictures will be great, that's for sure. If you want me to have an extra set printed for you, just send me $12.95 or send me your credit-card number—be sure to include your expiration date. (I mean the date the card expires, not the date you expire. Ha!) No hard sell, mind you, but it wouldn't be right if I didn't at least give you a chance, would it?

About your offer to subscribe to NATIONAL REVIEW, I guess I'll take you up on it. I hesitated at first because I already subscribe to *The New Yorker*, *The American Spectator*, *Yankee*, *Better Homes & Gardens*, *Mole* (charter subscriber), *Collectibles Illustrated* (charter subscriber), the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Ann Arbor News*, the *Ann Arbor Observer*, and all of the publications of the MHA and JWHS. But I guess my mailbox is large enough to hold one more. Please don't send it on Friday, though. It seems like they all come on Friday. Tuesday would be a good day.

Well, I've got to go now. There's a man from the FAA at my door. He probably wants to give me a commendation or something. Write again any time; it's always good to hear from you.

Sincerely,
Harold T. Muir
Ann Arbor, Mich.

P.S.: You'll be happy to know that no trees were destroyed to make this paper. It was made entirely from the skin of baby seals.

Dear Mr. Muir: You *are* welcome aboard. Cordially,
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

At last, just when I thought that my study of demand-side economics was going to be absolutely worthless, you, of all people, give me a chance to recoup at least a share of my tuition. I refer to your piece in the March 18 issue of *NR* in which you offer a $100 reward for an *a priori* argument in favor of a tax system in which inflation automatically leads to tax-rate increases. The theoretical case for bracket creep has been around for years and is well grounded in demand-side theory. Examples abound. Here I quote Dr. Bernard Herber in *Modern Public Finance* (p. 171):

> Federal personal tax revenues increase at a faster rate than national income as national income rises, and they diminish at a more rapid rate as national income falls. As a result, increasing proportions of private-sector purchasing power are taken from aggregate demand as potentially inflationary prosperity approaches.

I'll leave it to you to explain why prosperity so frightens Keynesians. The point is that, although refuted by events, the argument that progressive taxation automatically dampens inflation has been around for a long time.

Very truly yours,
Daniel Folk
Mansfield, Ill.

Dear Mr. Folk: A check for a hundred bucks is on its way, but you pulled a fast one, no? because I meant a *philosophical*, not an economic, case. Obviously another economic case for bracket creep would be to avoid raising taxes by legislation. But then maybe I'm just sulking because I'm out a hundred bucks. Semicordially,
—WFB

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FROM

Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Straight

Persian Gulf Crisis

DESPITE THE Angst of the press, lots of people here are exhilarated by the Grenadian intervention. We finally socked it to the Soviets and Cubans, who have got away with so much for so long. But a growing body of opinion in the White House and on the Hill takes the view that Grenada will quickly subside as a foreign-policy issue, especially as compared to Lebanon or, even more, to the Persian Gulf, the two of which are, in fact, interrelated. The White House is bracing for a dramatic turn of events in the Gulf before Christmas.

The Iran-Iraq war—three years old by now—stretches on with its paralyzing attritions, Syria intransigently refusing to permit the reopening of the Iraqi pipeline across its territory, thus denying Baghdad any breathing space. All these factors lead U.S. intelligence to believe that Iraq will use the Etendard jets and Exocet missiles recently supplied to it by the French to shorten the war. At the minimum, Iraq wants the United States and other nations to bring diplomatic pressure to bear on the Iranians to force them to the bargaining table. With this in mind, the Etendards and Exocets will be used to up the ante.

The worst-case scenario, then, is this: Iraq lets fly a few Exocets against the Iranian oil facilities on Kharg Island in the Gulf. Teheran then, as it has publicly threatened to do, strikes at oil sites in Kuwait, the Emirates, and then Saudi Arabia, all allies of Iraq. The oil flow from the Gulf is disrupted and the world economy goes into a tailspin, as happened in 1973 and again after the Shah fell in 1979.

The Iranians might even try to block off the Strait of Hormuz, through which the Gulf empties into the Arabian Sea, by disabling a few supertankers, but this is easier said than done. Mining the strait is another possibility and a more plausible one, but this postulates that the U.S. flotilla, both inside and outside the Gulf, will sit back and watch as if it were the America's Cup race. Still, cutting off production from the pro-Iraq Gulf states would do damage enough.

How serious would a total shutdown of the oil facilities be? On this issue a battle rages within the Administration. The Department of Energy (DOE) says that if the oil is stopped, no sweat: Since the 1973 Arab embargo and the 1979 Iranian crisis, we have made ourselves less dependent on Arab oil. "First," notes Energy Secretary Donald Hodel, "we've changed the mix. Instead of Saudi Arabia being our Number Two imported-oil supplier, today it's anywhere from sixth to tenth, depending on the week." Today, we import most of our oil from Mexico, Canada, Britain (North Sea), and Venezuela.

Second, the DOE has enlarged the Strategic Petroleum Reserve (SPR) handsomely—360 million barrels in the salt domes of Texas and Louisiana, enough to compensate for a total Gulf cutoff for more than a year (if you are computing only barrels, and not prices).

THE PENTAGON says: Baloney. Oil exported from the Gulf amounts to about nine million barrels daily, with the U.S. importing about 300,000 barrels. The rest goes to our allies in Western Europe and Japan. In the case of a disruption, the Saudis could propel a million or so extra barrels through their pipeline to the Red Sea, raising that volume to 1.6 million barrels daily; this would ease the situation, but only by one-ninth.

Aside from the fact that our allies would be hard hit, U.S. oil pricing is linked to world oil pricing. The drawdown scenario (whereby the SPR and commercial stocks are siphoned off to relieve the Gulf loss) assumes that countries outside the Gulf will rush in to fill the void, rather than sit back, let prices rise, and then start raking it in. Lots of Pentagon folk believe that's exactly what will happen.

The SPR drawdown is more complicated than it looks, too, by reason of the lifeboat dilemma. Some occupants of the boat want to drink the fresh water right away, whereas some want to defer drinking till the thirst becomes intolerable. In the case of the SPR, do you draw down your stocks at the onset of a crisis, to alleviate the upward pressure on price? Or do you wait, figuring that the crisis will deepen? The judgment call becomes all the more complicated if the scenario is not worst-case (total stoppage) but if, say, only one oil depot is hit.

So, in Persian Gulf emergency planning, Mr. Hodel plays down the contingency and Mr. Weinberger plays it up. Hodel believes that the energy market—including the emergency market—is best managed by three things: marketplace, marketplace, and marketplace. The DOE rejects Senator James McClure's proposed standby legislation to permit allocation rationing and presidential authority to mandate energy turnoffs in an emergency. Hodel says that the last time we tried this, in 1974, the impact was ruinous. McClure and the Pentagon don't dispute that, but they insist that cool and provident planning now would avert such ruin. They point to a sophisticated test conducted by our European allies and Japan whereby intricate computer simulations of oil movements under a premise of a total cutoff of Gulf oil showed that if the free market were allowed to do its will, the per-barrel cost of oil would catapult to $98 (present cost is about $30). "Anyone who thinks that Congress is going to sit idly by while the price of oil skyrockets to $98 per barrel is off his rocker," says a Hill energy expert.

Compared to a Persian Gulf cutoff or cutback, Ronald Reagan's other foreign-policy crises look like faded snapshots, White House politicos believe. The Gulf matter is a highly political item. There is nothing like a long predawn gasoline queue to concentrate the mind against a sitting President.

All of which means that pressure is mounting to cut a deal with Syria. Its outline? The U.S. leans on Lebanon's President Gemayel to put a number of pro-Syrian reps in his reconciliation government, Syria opens the Iraqi pipeline to the Mediterranean, Iraq refrains from using the Exocets, Iran refrains from disrupting the flow of oil, Ronald Reagan sidesteps a crippling political crisis, Walter Mondale is defeated, and we all live more happily ever after—or at least until the next crisis. □

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—Irving Kristol

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A Question of Will

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

In Washington, the other day, I made my rounds intent on finding the answer to one dominant question: Does the Reagan Administration have the will to see the thing through in Central America? The President's bold action in Grenada suggests an optimistic answer.

I realize of course that the question itself begs more questions, not least: What exactly do I mean by "seeing the thing through"? First, however, let me explain what I *don't* mean.

I don't mean simply blocking the flow of arms and military supplies into and out of Nicaragua, though that is an essential precondition to seeing it through. For it is not difficult to envision a situation in which the blockade is as complete as humanly possible, with the result that the Sandinistas, making a virtue of necessity, assure all concerned that they have decided to refrain in future from aiding guerrillas in Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, and wherever else they may spring up; with the result that, in turn, Congress and the media (with honorable exceptions) echo the Sandinista profession of purity of intentions, saying, in effect: We always did think they were good boys.

In that event (by no means unthinkable), the heat really would be on: not to go ahead and finish the job, but to stop wielding the modest-sized stick the U.S. had been wielding and just call the whole thing off—naval show of strength, covert action, training of *contras*. The Administration would be faced once again with a Congress (correction: a House) and media committed to the proposition that, peace having been restored, the U.S. would be the guilty party if further trouble started brewing (as it would) and the Big Brother to the north started wielding his stick again.

No, by seeing it through I mean staying on course until the sources of conflict in the region are eliminated. I mean, specifically, Nicaragua and Cuba. Logically, I should write: "Cuba and Nicaragua." But the elimination of the Sandinista regime alone would be a notable victory, which in itself could make a major contribution to the discrediting and ultimate downfall of the Castro regime.

Again, logically, seeing it through could be held to mean eliminating the Soviet Union as well, but I'm not, at this stage, asking *that* much of the United States.

Bear with me and cast an eye over the few—very few—post-World War II victories over guerrillas, terrorists, and other practitioners of revolutionary war in one or another of its forms. The French did not see it through in Indochina (1946-1954), nor did the Americans (1958-1975, to stretch the war to its full length, including the periods before and after American involvement).

The French did not see it through, again, in Algeria (1954-1962); although, to be fair, I never thought they had a chance of winning there, against the tide of history.

The British are still resisting the IRA in Northern Ireland although I cannot say I honestly believe that any British government, Mrs. Thatcher's included, has truly come to grips with the problem.

Really, the victories against the revolutionary guerrillas have been remarkably few: the British and their local allies in Malaya (1948-1957); the British and their local allies, again, in Oman (1963-1975); the Americans and Magsaysay in the Philippines (1948-1954). In South America (principally Argentina and Uruguay), after a long period of dominance by revolutionary terrorists, the military took drastic action and broke the back of the subversion. They are still paying the price in international opprobrium.

Lasting Victories?

Whenever there is a sanctuary for the guerrillas, it is hard to assert that even what appears to be a total victory can be regarded as a permanent one. The British and Malayans defeated Chin Peng and his "Communist terrorists," but remnants survive still on Thai territory and fresh trouble has started.

These days, the Republic of Ireland is not exactly a sanctuary for the IRA, but its members can still, up to a point, blend into the countryside there. The Oman rebels, though defeated, can count on continuing support from the Soviet-controlled regime in South Yemen.

One thing is certain: Negotiations with revolutionary rebels should be undertaken only if the authorities are preparing to concede defeat. This was France's precedent in Indochina and Algeria. It was Britain's and America's experience in Laos in 1962, and America's in Vietnam in 1973.

The many voices now urging the United States and its friends in Central America to negotiate are either ignorant of recent history, or indifferent to the prospect of further Communist regimes in the area, or actively in favor of more Communist victories and defeats for "capitalism."

Test of Will

Such blandishments should be resisted; and that, above all, is where the test of will comes in. In the kind of polity conceived by the Founding Fathers, with no War Powers Act to hamper the President in the execution of his manifest duty as Commander-in-Chief, and with a Congress mindful of its responsibilities, there would be no problem.

Such a state of affairs has existed and could exist again, given time. In April 1965, President Johnson, unhampered as yet by the War Powers Resolution, intervened decisively in the Dominican Republic (by the time-honored method of sending in the Marines) and nipped an incipient Communist takeover in the bud. How strong the Presidency could still be, only 18 years ago.

Having the will to win in Central America today means sticking to the strategic aim of removing the causes of subversion (which have little or nothing to do with "social conditions": In the name of what dreadful "social conditions" did the Baader-Meinhof Gang take off in West Germany?). It means resisting media misrepresentation (and correcting it insofar as it is consistent with legislation that favors the enemies of democracy and ties the hands of its defenders). It means persistence in the face of congressional obstructiveness.

It could also mean encouraging the emergence of a provisional Nicaraguan government on liberated territory and recognizing it, thus depriving the regime in Managua of its spurious legitimacy.

It could, above all, mean holding firm without any decisive result until Ronald Reagan has presented himself again before the electorate and secured a second term, and with it a mandate to win. □

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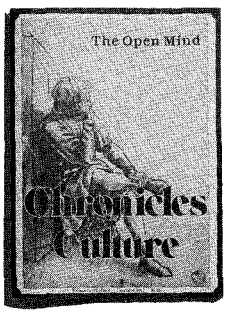
The American Spectator



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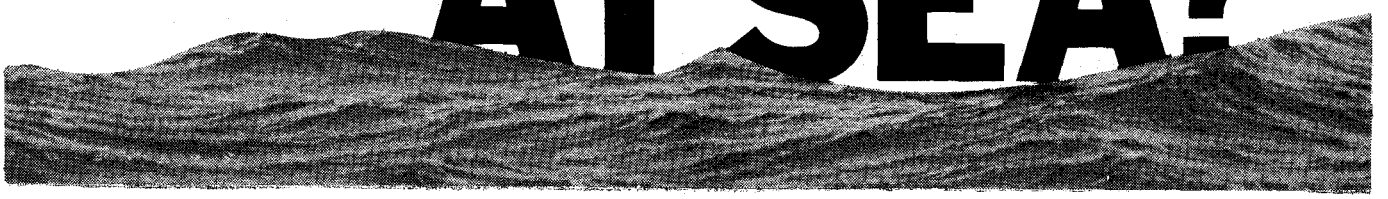
JAMES HITCHCOCK

Will John Paul II *Reorient a Church* AT SEA?



LAST MONTH the Catholic Church in the United States was suddenly confronted with a configuration of events of a kind that makes an institution's entire future prospect uncertain. In all likelihood Church historians will come to identify the period 1982 to 1986 as a watershed in American Catholicism, a brief few years that largely determined its character for decades to come.

This *crisis*—in the fundamental sense of a point where crucial decisions must be made—was precipitated by the deaths, only two weeks apart, of two of the five active American cardinals: Humberto S. Medeiros of Boston and Terence J. Cooke of New York. John Cardinal Cody of Chicago died last year. Two more cardinals, John J. Krol of Philadelphia and Timothy Manning of Los Angeles, are due to retire within three years. Thus within a four-year period Pope John Paul II will have had the opportunity to choose afresh the entire highest leadership of American Catholicism, an opportunity rarely given to a pope within so short a space of time.

Since his election in 1978, John Paul has been generally identified as a "conservative" on Church matters, which means that he believes and teaches official Catholic doctrine and expects priests and religious to do the same. During the five years of his pontificate, meanwhile, it has also been obvious that in many ways the Church in the United States is moving in a direction, if not opposite to, then at least obliquely away from the Pope's own. American Catholics trying to take seriously what the Pope proclaims in his speeches and letters often find that they receive quite different signals from the official organs of the Church in this country.

That the Pope realizes this was confirmed in a series of unusually blunt addresses that he gave to American bishops in early September. In one, using the strongest terms he has yet employed, he told them that the question of ordaining women to the priesthood is closed and there is to be no more discussion of it, warning them to "withdraw support" from groups that advocate it. He went on to deplore the decay of sexual morality and told the bishops that they must oppose contraception, divorce, premarital sex, and homosexuality.

John Paul—characteristically—pre-empted the ground on which his listeners might disagree with him, insisting that the "compassionate" bishop is not the one who excuses his people's moral failings but the one who reminds them of their sins so that they can be reconciled with God; and insisting also that the movement for women's ordination actually injures the dignity of women, by disregarding God's plan.

That the Pope knows that all is not well in American Catholicism generally was earlier revealed by his appointment of commissions to investigate both religious orders and seminaries for the training of priests in the United States. Now, it is doubtful that the Vatican believes the situation of the Church in the United States is worse than anywhere else in the world—arguably, it is better than in the Netherlands, France, and even Italy. However, American influence spreads quickly throughout the world, and it may be precisely because the Church in America seemed for so long to be healthy and flourishing that its present malaise is attracting unusual concern.

Reactions to that concern have been predictably negative. Sister Donna Quinn, an arch-feminist nun, said the Pope's words mean "more oppression coming down" on women. Father Vincent Connery, a parish priest in Norfolk, Virginia, wrote a letter to a secular newspaper in which he announced a "time for revolt" and suggested that American priests call a "selective strike" against the Vatican.

This is scarcely the first time that sentiments of this kind have been aired by American Catholics in the past twenty years. What was surprising this time were the comments of Connery's bishop, Walter F. Sullivan of Richmond. Sullivan said that the priest "has a right to share his thoughts" and called Connery "a very, very good priest."

Meanwhile, Bishop Kenneth Untener of Saginaw, Michigan, told the press he fears that the Pope "does not have a feeling for the pluralism of U.S. Catholics as compared, let's say, to Poland." Bishop Michael F. McAuliffe of Jefferson City, Missouri, chairman of the bishops' liaison committee with women's groups, said he feels the Pope's strictures about women's ordination are based on a "misunderstanding" of the American situation. Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee called the Pope "a man in a hurry" and said his impatience has led him to form "rigid concepts" about American Catholicism. Weakland defended discussion of supposedly closed theological questions on the grounds that "we see it as a way to arrive at truth."

For at least 15 years the Vatican has been flooded with complaints from American Catholics about sometimes blatant deviations from official doctrine and practice, often tolerated

Mr. Hitchcock is a professor of history at St. Louis University. He is co-author, with Vladimir Bukovsky and Francis Schaeffer, of Who Speaks for Peace?, *recently published by Thomas Nelson.*

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and even supported by Church authorities. At last it appears that these complaints have begun to affect Vatican policy, and, as is indicated by the comments on the Pope's September speeches, a confrontation of sorts may be building between Rome and important elements in the United States. For the first time dissenters seem genuinely alarmed.

The pontificate of Paul VI (1963-78) spanned the crucial years of the Second Vatican Council (convened in 1962) and its aftermath, when, for a variety of complex reasons, it appeared that everything within Roman Catholicism was deemed suitable for total revision. It was in those years that thousands of priests and religious abandoned their ministries, for example, and little by little practically every Catholic doctrine was publicly called into question.

Paul VI, in his official utterances, upheld those doctrines in season and out of season, and sometimes did so at the price of personal obloquy—for example, in his 1968 restatement of the official teaching on birth control. There was, however, a kind of eerie schizophrenia about his pontificate—what was being passionately affirmed in words often seemed to be contradicted in actions, not by the Pope himself but by many of those whom he appointed to office and then supported in the face of overwhelming evidence that their understanding of the Church was contrary to his.

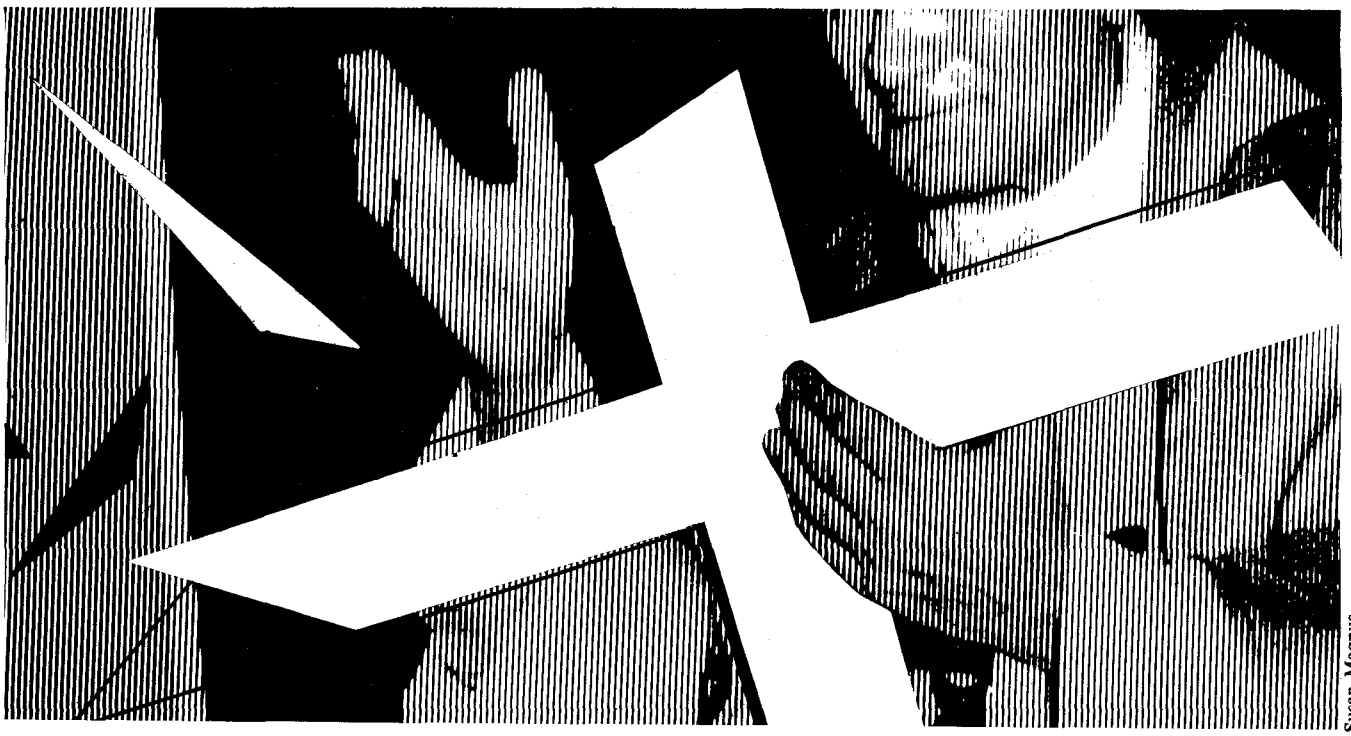
For the decade of the Seventies the Pope's official representative in the United States, the Apostolic Delegate, was the Belgian Archbishop Jean Jadot, who is credited with totally remaking the American hierarchy. At first Jadot favored men who were dubbed "pastoral" bishops, which meant orthodox priests who preferred a relaxed style of governance, hoping to win over dissenters by persuasion rather than by the exercise of discipline. Before long, however, it became apparent that some of his appointees were themselves actively sympathetic to dissenting movements within the Church.

Even more serious was the effect that ten years of Jadot appointments had on orthodox members of the hierarchy. The most outspoken "conservative" bishops soon found themselves put on the sidelines of the national Church—excluded from important committees, not listened to at meetings, sometimes subjected to criticism from more liberal bishops. Bishops began to get the message, and more and more accommodated themselves to situations of which they disapproved. During the Jadot era the best way to ensure being denied promotion in the American Church was to be an outspoken defender of traditional Catholic doctrine.

When John Paul II ascended the papal throne in 1978 it was generally assumed that Jadot would be replaced. Instead he remained in America for another two years while the new Pope, with no direct Vatican experience, struggled to get control of the complex machinery of governing the Church. Even after Jadot was finally replaced, in 1980, it appeared that the same criteria for appointing bishops were being used. Not until this year was there any significant shift. (Jadot is now head of the Vatican's Secretariat for Non-Christian Religions. Since the office of Apostolic Delegate to the United States was established in 1892, he is the first Apostolic Delegate who was not made a cardinal upon leaving office.)

Although in theory the Catholic Church is an administrative monarchy, the Pope, like the head of all large and complex organizations, finds his power effectively restricted in certain ways, not least by those who control the flow of information. There is also the diplomatic necessity of deferring to the wishes of various influential subordinates. The workings of the Vatican are often baffling, and John Paul's mastery of its machinery may still be less than complete. His constant travels, his convalescence following the attempt on his life, and his necessary preoccupation with Poland have all combined to cause him, until recently, to pay less attention to the United States than many Americans believed was warranted.

On a few earlier occasions he appears to have tried to redress problems in the American Church by whatever direct means were at hand. Detroit, for example, was one of the most liberal dioceses in the country under its now-retired archbishop, John Cardinal Dearden. In 1981 Dearden was replaced by Archbishop Edmund Szoka, whom the Pope knew personally. However, Szoka, who is not in good health,



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has proven to be weak. In the celebrated case this year of Sister Agnes Mary Mansour—the nun who accepted a position in the Michigan state government that required her to administer the public funding of abortions—Szoka seemed to send out conflicting signals. Eventually Sister Mansour was visited by a special Vatican emissary, Auxiliary Bishop Anthony Bevilacqua of Brooklyn, who required her to resign either from the government or from her religious order. She chose to remain in politics. Bevilacqua's mission was of a kind that few American bishops now seem willing to undertake. (He has since been made bishop of Pittsburgh.)

To date the most intriguing of John Paul's appointments was when he named Joseph L. Bernardin archbishop of Chicago and soon afterward made him a cardinal. During his years in the episcopacy Bernardin's public statements have been almost impeccable, to the point where, from his words alone, he would have to be characterized as a moderate conservative. However, first as executive secretary of the United States Catholic Conference, then as president of the American bishops, Bernardin presided for years over the process by which people sympathetic to dissent were installed in most of the key positions in the national Church structure, and he has remained a hero to the liberals.

Explanations for his elevation vary, most of them centering on the belief that it was intended to forestall a possible open rebellion by dissident elements, along with the hope that he will in the end do what the Pope wants done. As yet, it is too early to assess the latter theory. However, one of Bernardin's first acts as archbishop of Chicago was to recall, in triumph, Monsignor John Egan, a priest who has been associated with every variety of liberal cause for many years and who had been in a kind of self-imposed exile during the latter years of the Cody administration. This past September, Egan told the Catholic Press Association that "we have the best Church in the world" and accused the Vatican of carrying out a "witch hunt" against American Catholicism.

A pope may command, but he cannot always be certain his commands will be obeyed. For example, the committee appointed to investigate American seminaries, headed by Bishop John A. Marshall of Burlington, Vermont, has shown some limited willingness to correct abuses. However, Archbishop John R. Quinn of San Francisco, chairman of the committee appointed to look into religious life, has named dissenters to advise the committee and has spent much of his time assuring dissident religious that they have nothing to fear.

In identifying the women's ordination movement and the sexual revolution as his chief points of concern about American Catholicism, John Paul was scarcely exhausting the list of its problems. For, in truth, practically no aspect of Church life is free of serious disorders, many of them officially tolerated. A reasonably complete catalogue would have to include the following:

► Religious orders, especially but not exclusively orders of women, openly dissent from all manner of official Church teaching and use their institutions—schools, colleges, seminaries, hospitals, retreat houses—to promote dissent.

► Official Church agencies, at both the local and the national levels, also regularly provide platforms for dissent. Official committees are often dominated by people who reject official teaching.

► A radical redefinition of the traditional religious vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience has taken place, so that they often seem to mean almost the opposite of what they formerly meant.

► There is much tolerance, in clerical and religious circles, for known violations of the laws of celibacy.

► A growing, and increasingly militant, homosexual network within the Church has influence, among other places, in seminaries and religious orders.

► There has been an almost total collapse of discipline in some seminaries, along with the purveyance of dissenting theology as if it were orthodoxy.

► Probably a large majority of Catholic colleges and universities have become effectively secular, while their residual Catholicism is closer to that of Hans Küng than to that of John Paul II.

► Deviations from official liturgical norms are common, ranging from practices that, while not inherently objectionable, are still unauthorized (Communion under both species on a regular basis, for example), to grotesqueries that seem almost like parodies of the Mass.

► The dominant system of religious education, from kindergarten through college, is such that probably a majority of students in Catholic schools do not receive an adequate grounding in the classical doctrines of their faith.

► Bishops and parish priests largely refrain from teaching disputed doctrines and react defensively when urged to do so.

One dimension of the malaise is the turn toward political leftism that has characterized much of American Catholicism over the past decade. Prominent religious orders like the Jesuits and the Maryknolls are openly sympathetic to "liberation" movements in Latin America. Those agencies of the United States Catholic Conference that are officially concerned with "peace and justice" act like extensions of the left wing of the Democratic Party, and the same is often true on the diocesan level.

There is a high correlation between the most outspoken 'peace bishops' and dissenters from papal authority on other matters

The bishops' highly publicized pastoral letter on war and peace, adopted last May, reflected this leftward trend. Although in some ways the document, if read strictly, can be called moderate, it postulates, for example, a "tradition" of pacifism in the Church that is not really a tradition, and then gives it equal weight with the historically dominant "just war" tradition.

Grudgingly the bishops accepted the idea of nuclear deterrence as the basis of national defense. However, both that passage and one calling specific attention to the immoralities of the Soviet system were absent from earlier drafts of the document. They seem to have been included only after a meeting of leading American bishops with Vatican officials and with Western European bishops last January. (Cardinal Bernardin, who played a leading role in the progress of the pastoral at every step, seems to some extent to have acted as a moderating influence at the behest of the Vatican.)

There is a high correlation between the most outspoken

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"peace bishops" and dissenters from papal authority on other matters. Bishops Untener and Sullivan are both among the most ardent episcopal "doves." Auxiliary Bishop Thomas J. Gumbleton of Detroit criticized the Vatican publicly for its handling of the Küng and Mansour cases. The most famous "peace bishop" is Archbishop Raymond G. Hunthausen of Seattle, who has said that Americans should allow themselves to be conquered by an enemy rather than resort to war. Hunthausen has systematically supported every kind of dissenting movement in his archdiocese. (Recently, for example, he extended a warm welcome to the national convention of Dignity, an organization of Catholics that justifies homosexual behavior.) Meanwhile the outcry against Hunthausen has reached terrific proportions; so much so, evidently, that last week Pope John Paul asked Archbishop James A. Hickey of Washington, D.C., to examine "criticisms regarding [Hunthausen's] pastoral ministry."

This correlation between varieties of dissenters derives from the fact that much of American Catholicism's current "theology of social justice" is heavily secular in inspiration, in themes, and in modes of reasoning. Thus those who are most enthusiastic about its many manifestations tend to be those who have a heavily secular outlook in other ways. Often they are impatient with what they regard as the backward religious preoccupations of more conservative Catholics.

While the pastoral was under discussion, the leftist *National Catholic Reporter*, the chief voice of Catholic dissent in America, exulted that, through their letter, the bishops were "going beyond" Rome and were thereby claiming for themselves the moral leadership of the Church worldwide. This does seem to have been part of the strategy of some American bishops and their advisors, but it was largely thwarted by the Vatican intervention of last January. Later, Bishop Gumbleton told a Dutch audience that the American bishops had issued their own statement and did not need or seek approval from Rome.

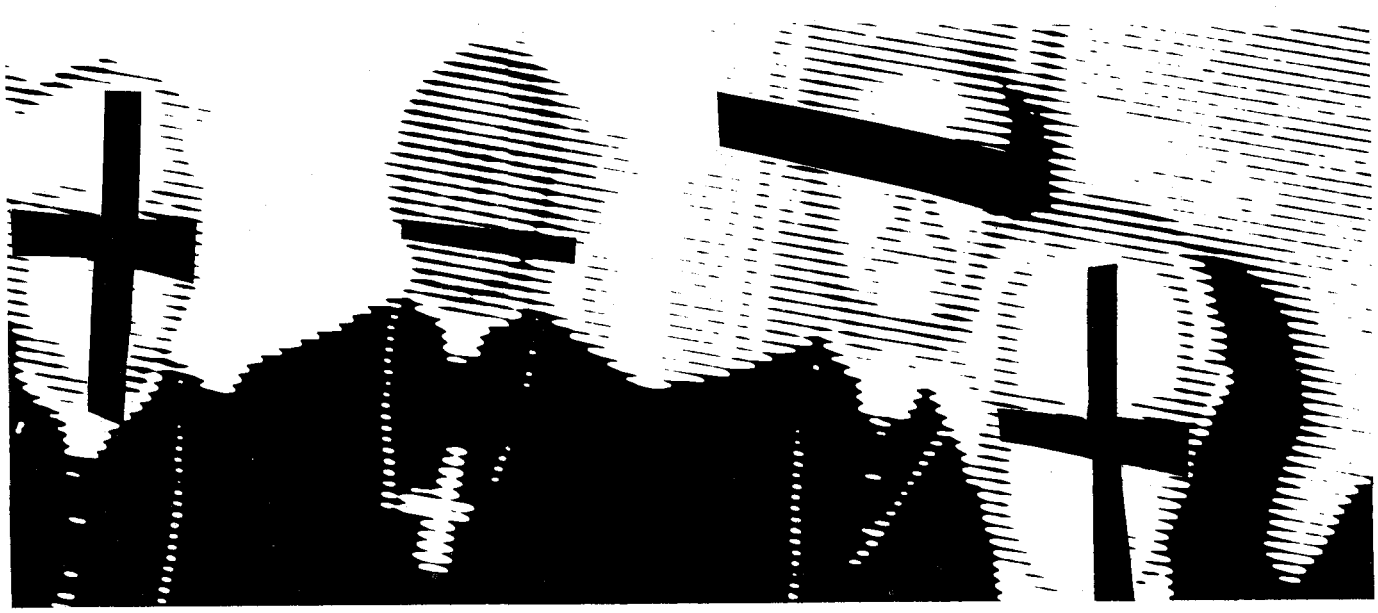
For some years there has been an unconcealed power struggle in American Catholicism, a struggle that is heavily ideological in character, with three fairly broad dissenting constituencies—priests restive under the discipline of celibacy, women (mainly nuns) who want to become priests, and laymen who reject the traditional teachings about divorce and contraception. Everything that now happens in the Church is filtered through those glasses: Instinctively the proponents of these three causes estimate whether particular ideas, people, events, or movements will help or hinder them. They have close working alliances with one another, as well as with other militant but somewhat less numerically significant movements, such as homosexual activists.

Some of the major official or semi-official organizations within American Catholicism are now sympathetic to, and even openly supportive of, these same movements—among the most important being the Leadership Conference of Women Religious, the Conference of Major Superiors of Men, the National Federation of Priests' Councils, the Catholic Theological Society of America, and the Canon Law Society. Thus the bishops find pressure against official teaching coming not just from the margins of the Church but from its very heart, a situation that could probably have been prevented had there been a different kind of leadership in American Catholicism since 1970.

As noted, a major reason for the decay of episcopal authority in America after that date was the fact that the Vatican itself seemed to be sending out inconsistent signals. In the confusion of the post-Council period many bishops were intimidated by certified "experts"—in theology, in religious education, in liturgy, in social justice—and began habitually deferring to them. Bishops quickly learned that if they were openly "conservative," they could expect rough treatment in the media, and fear of bad publicity has been a major inhibiting force on episcopal behavior. (Recently, a fanatical feminist nun, Sister Margaret Ellen Traxler, told *Ms.* magazine, accurately, that "the media are our only hope. The bishops are afraid of the media.")

Only a few bishops openly support dissenting movements. Of greater effect in reshaping the character of American Catholicism has been the so-called pastoral style of governance that became popular in the 1970s, a style practiced by many orthodox bishops who are uncertain how to exert their authority, as well as a rather large number of bishops who seem merely confused about controversial religious issues.

According to this model, bishops are supposed to be "open" to discussion with dissidents and willing to go to considerable lengths to make them feel welcome in the Church. Although the bishop may himself periodically reaffirm controversial Church teachings, he may not, at the peril of his "pas-



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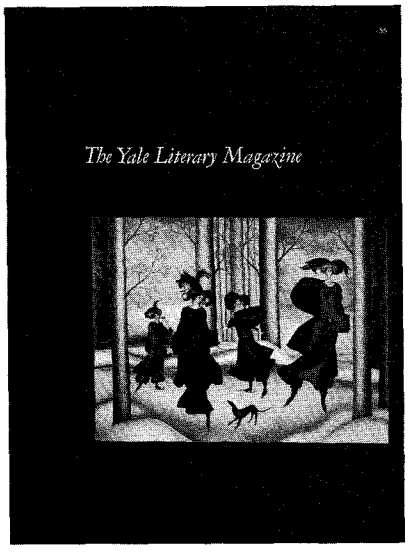

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toral" reputation, contradict Catholics who deny those teachings. Above all, bishops should never exercise corrective discipline or anything that could be interpreted as censorship.

As politicians and businessmen have done, so many bishops have adopted a management style that seeks to "build consensus" and "reconcile differences." In practice, however, that style has contributed to the deeper polarization of the Church rather than to its healing. Dissidents recognized that these bishops were irresolute and eager to placate the discontented; they correctly calculated that the bishops would yield to mounting pressure. Anxious to be perceived as moderates, many bishops were easily manipulated by those who were pushing one of the extremes ever farther leftward.

As the two poles of the Church got farther apart, the "reconciling" bishops could only maintain a semblance of unity by pretending that the conservatives did not exist and putting most of their effort into wooing the dissidents. What has been called the "new class" in secular society—educated, relatively young people situated in occupations where a leftist

No amount of concession will satisfy the dissenters because they aim at nothing less than total revolution within the Church

ideology comes almost automatically—is that element in the Church most eagerly wooed, so that some bishops now complain publicly that Rome threatens to undo their own hard work in keeping "the laity" loyal to the Church. In fact, however, the "voice of the Church" is now in large measure made up of organized pressure groups of dissident priests and religious, with some lay allies.

The idea of a "pluralistic" Church is mainly an illusion. Over a 15-year period liberals have moved from being tolerated to being dominant in many places, and along the way they have systematically shut the orthodox out of sensitive positions—in colleges and seminaries, in bureaucratic posts at the national and diocesan levels, as superiors of religious orders, finally in the episcopacy itself. The four cardinals whose chairs will be filled over the next three years have all been men of firm personal orthodoxy. But, with the partial exception of Cardinal Krol, none has sought or attained a position of national leadership in the Church, an odd situation for wearers of the red hat, which is supposed to confer such leadership automatically. Although Cardinals Medeiros, Cooke, Krol, and Manning have occasionally done courageous things, on the whole their style of governance can be called deferential. Maintaining reasonably firm discipline in their own dioceses, they seem to have watched passively as liberal prelates took control of the national machinery of the Church and put themselves forward as the definitive spokesmen for American Catholicism.

Since the death of Francis Cardinal Spellman of New York in 1967, there has been no single strong leader among the American bishops, although Cardinal Bernardin appears likely to come as close as anyone to filling that role. Now, however, John Paul has been offered the unique opportunity to install, almost simultaneously, four leaders who will actively promote his own vision of the Church. Meanwhile, smaller dioceses fall vacant at the rate of one or two a month, and several other large sees—Baltimore and Galveston-Houston, for example—are open now or will soon become so. Thus, as noted, John Paul could definitively reshape the American hierarchy within a very brief time. (Leo XIII and Pius X did the same thing around the turn of the century, following the so-called Americanist controversy of the 1890s.)

But the process of selection remains complex, with significant influence likely to be exerted by the present Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Pio Laghi, and by the liberal leadership of the American hierarchy, especially Cardinal Bernardin and Archbishop John R. Roach of St. Paul-Minneapolis, along with other American bishops whose judgment is trusted in Rome. Final recommendations will be made by the Vatican's Congregation of Bishops, whose head, Sebastiano Cardinal Baggio, has often been portrayed in the media as an arch-conservative but who has in fact consistently promoted liberal bishops in the United States. While in most instances the Pope probably accepts the recommendations of Cardinal Baggio's Congregation, in the cases of Boston and New York he will almost certainly exercise a final personal choice.

With respect to ecclesiastical rumors it is wise to apply the old Irish complaint, "Half the lies they tell about us aren't even true." Even genuinely well-connected American Catholics rarely know in advance who is to be given a particular vacant diocese. Rumored successors to Cardinal Cooke in New York include Auxiliary Bishops Joseph T. O'Keefe and Austin Vaughan of that archdiocese, Bishop Theodore E. McCarrick of Metuchen, New Jersey, and Bishop Bernard F. Law of Springfield-Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Should the liberal leadership of the American hierarchy prevail, the appointee might be Archbishop Thomas C. Kelly of Louisville. Rumored successors to Cardinal Medeiros include Bishop Marshall, Archbishop John F. Whealon of Hartford, Connecticut, Bishop Daniel A. Cronin of Fall River, Massachusetts, and Auxiliary Bishop Thomas Daily of Boston.

There have been rumors that William Cardinal Baum, a former archbishop of Washington now serving in the Vatican, may return to the United States, in which case he would go to one of the vacant major sees. It has also been reported that Archbishop Szoka may be placed in charge of Vatican finances, whose present manager, the American Archbishop Paul Marcinkus, would then probably also be appointed to an American diocese. Bishop John J. O'Connor of Scranton, Pennsylvania, would ordinarily be considered a leading candidate for Boston or New York, except that he has been in Scranton only a few months.

A major problem, should the Pope wish to turn the American hierarchy around, is the fact that for 15 years the ecclesiastical system in the United States has tended to groom and promote precisely the kind of men who are unsuited to exercise strong leadership on behalf of orthodoxy. Thus if the Vatican follows its usual practice of moving men one square at a time, the system cannot be corrected. At some point it will be necessary to reach far down in the chain of command to find suitable candidates for high office.

The New York appointment seems particularly crucial, because St. Patrick's Cathedral is, like Theodore Roosevelt's White House, a "bully pulpit." A strong, articulate, courageous prelate could, from that base, capture the attention of the American public as John Paul II has captured the attention of the world. There is no doubt that whoever are named to New York and Boston will be personally orthodox. The

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question is whether they will become the kind of leaders American Catholicism has lacked for so long.

Even those who disagree with the Catholic position on subjects like birth control and priestly celibacy may conclude that every society has to have its laws, and that those laws must be obeyed. However, a good deal more is at stake here than tightening a rather loosely run ship. Discipline is merely the necessary prelude to much more important concerns.

It is unfortunate that it has fallen to John Paul to be a disciplinarian pope, since he is obviously far from being a negative man. Indeed, his particular kind of Christian humanism is as profound, positive, and expansive a vision of Catholicism as the twentieth century has seen. To him what looks merely disciplinary has deeper implications—contraception is a refusal to cooperate with God in the act of creation, the denial of celibacy reflects a loss of the sense of the priest's transcendent calling, the demand for women's ordination shows how a doctrinaire feminism has replaced authentic religious vocations among many women.

Inevitably, those teachings of the Church that are now contested are those with some observable practical point. But the Pope also knows that, in more esoteric circles, belief in the divinity of Christ and Christ's real presence in the Eucharist, for example, is also being undermined by people who have ceased to believe in a divinely established Church and regard all religious beliefs as subject to endless human manipulation.

The issue also goes beyond mere discipline because ultimately there is no longer much common ground between those who welcome the sexual revolution in all its manifestations and those who believe in traditional chastity, those who see the Church's mission as primarily supernatural and those who aim to create the kingdom of God on earth through social action, those who regard the classical dogmas of the Church as representing outmoded world views and those who believe they embody eternal truths. It is for this reason that the leadership of the "moderate" bishops now looks so unsatisfactory: It is impossible to compromise on matters of the spirit. No amount of concession will satisfy the dissenters, because they aim at nothing less than total revolution within the Church.

The dissenters claim that only by accommodating Catholic belief and practice to the spirit of the age can the Church remain relevant, and they cite the great falling off in every kind of religious practice as evidence of this. But the experience of liberal Protestantism, to which liberal Catholics look for proximate guidance, seems to show the opposite—only those groups that maintain firm doctrine and discipline continue to attract members and maintain a vibrant sense of identity. (The same is true, within American Catholicism, of religious orders.) Thus, once again, what is at stake at this juncture of American Catholic history is not whether the balance should be moved a few degrees right or left, but the future of the Church for generations to come.

John Paul II has articulated a powerful and compelling vision for the Church, but his message has often been drowned out by the strident voices of dissent. He aims to act as an architect and a builder, but debris is continually being dumped on the foundations of the Church. Only when it has finally been cleared away can the compelling beauty of his plan become visible. □

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SPECIAL REPORT

What It Was like in Grenada

GEOFFREY WAGNER

My wife and I returned from Grenada the day before Finance Minister Bernard Coard launched his coup against Maurice Bishop. Bishop was then murdered along with many civilians, whose number is now said to exceed one hundred. Coard was later rescued from a lynch mob of irate Grenadians by U.S. Marines and, with his Jamaican wife, Phyllis, is in custody.

Physically, the island was as beautiful as ever. Politically, it had become a Cuban colony. Long before the coup, services were breaking down. Electricity ("current," locally) was supplied sporadically. Water, likewise. The telephone system was such a joke that it hardly mattered that it was tapped. There may have been sabotage by loyal Grenadians involved here, but I cannot say. I do know that all the older government workers, including those at the Post Office, were fed up with the constant "political education" (Hate America) hours they were compelled to put in, many having friends and relatives in that capitalist hell to the north. The indoctrination of schoolchildren was very intense, too, both in the classroom and at the compulsory rallies. I brought back the last issue of *The New Jewel* newspaper. In it, Reagan was "an eater of babies." Hudson Austin, the last of the butchers, described a visit to North Korea where he was shown sites of alleged American atrocities ("Women were even put into caves and burnt alive").

One of the calypsos the children were made to sing, composed by an army captain called Flying Turkey, concluded:

Let them come, let them come,
We will bury them in the sea.

Back in New York a day after the liberation, I heard this played over the Pacifica station of WBAI-FM, currently intent on sending Bishop down as a Lumumba, it seems.

Further Orwellian ironies abounded. Bishop had started naming his years, a practice used by Hitler in the Thirties. So 1983 was called The Year of Political and Academic Education, after endless debate as to which adjective should take precedence. All I can say is that Bishop got his political education in 1983. He also named months. October was The Month of Tourism. He got his tourists, too.

This ideological waste, apparently prevalent in all Communist bureaucracies, was something we observed, bemused, as the Cubans arrived in October 1979 to construct their airport at Point Salines, accompanied by their DGI (intelligence) officials, with posters and blow-ups of Fidel and Che, and tapes of Castro's speeches to be played at their rallies. It was in this area that we and five other Americans had built retirement houses; these included the 1940 U.S. national tennis champion, Don McNeill, and the famed Giraudoux translator Maurice Valency. Most of the peninsula was owned by a local, W. E. Julien, whose house was taken by the DGI and whose land, six hundred acres of it, was grabbed for the airstrip. His son and heir, Shane, a star West Indian cricketer in Antigua now, has made many fruitless attempts at gaining compensation, along with the poorest people whose quarter-acres have been taken too. Some Americans, like the yachting writer Don Street, have had their property expropriated. The Cubans had come, and they came first.

We got to know these workers well since most of the time we were the only residents, and, speaking Spanish, we talked with them daily on the beach over the years. Arriving in Soviet trucks in military fatigues, which they then discarded, they rotated in batches; they were not allowed transistors (Venezuelan stations nearby) and were discouraged from fraternizing with the medical students. The DGI men were on permanent assignment. More than once they tried to persuade me to visit Cuba without a passport. It was of such undocumented travel that the premiers of Barbados and Trinidad—Tom Adams and George Chambers—complained last year: Groups of their disaffected youth were being siphoned off to Cuba and Russia, to return after, ostensibly, a visit to Auntie in Grenada. They came back the richer in explosives training. You only need one terrorist to kill two hundred Marines in Lebanon.

We were the last to sail to lovely Calivigny Island, where we saw Cuban military men training Grenadian youths in uniform; it was soon sealed off as a terrorist school. A Grenadian had been trying to develop Calivigny for tourism. It became clear in short order that Bishop had no interest in such plans, only in hooking into the Russian defense budget.

A small West Indian island is a close community. All could watch the vast arms shipments coming in and see Soviet armored cars on the roads, while whole areas like the submarine facility at Egmont Harbor were put strictly off limits. Early on, I saw a plan of the air terminal and noted that next to the Airport Manager's Office had been inked in: Counter-Intelligence Office. It was clear who was going to run it. Grenadians, muzzled, imprisoned if they spoke up, tortured in prison, denied elections, a constitution, a free newspaper or radio, began to leave the island, in an exodus of 25,000 by my count since Bishop's takeover in 1979. And the other islands shuddered.

If Grenada was already grinding to a halt, it started to leave civilization altogether when a high-ranking KGB man, General Sazhenev, arrived, downgrading the Cuban "ambassador," Julián Torres Rizo, who had previously been running the place. Bishop was broke; he kept failing on payments to his army of schoolchildren, hiking taxes, and incurring debts around the world for airport equipment. And there were rifts rumored in Bishop's party itself. Sazhenev, a gloves-off character, arrived with a battery of bullet-heads. He came to impose iron order on a vagabond community and, especially, to speed up the airport.

Construction had been dragging. The huge fuel farm we drove by near the village of Kalliste, just before the military checkpoint we had to pass to get to our house, was going too slowly, and until it was completed no MiGs could be landed. Even a MiG-27 has a combat range of only six hundred miles. In the event,

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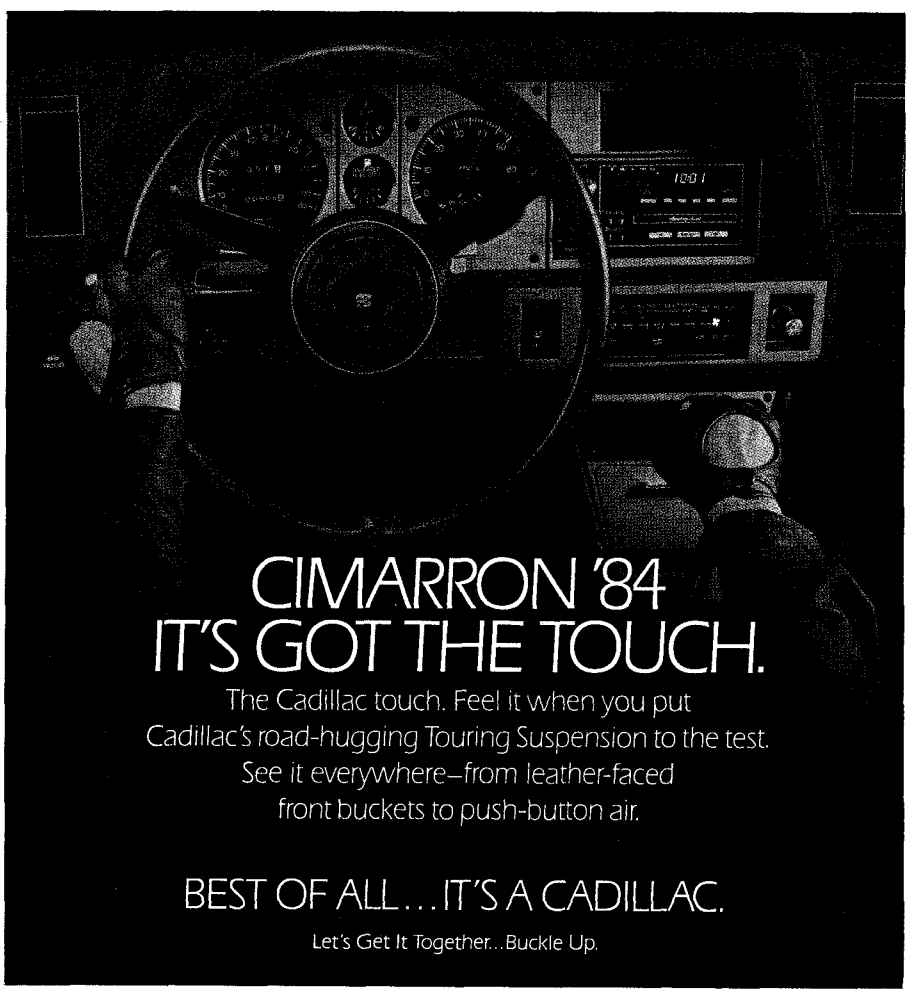
There was no American presence on the island, which came within the purview of our Barbados Embassy, notoriously soft-hearted toward Bishop in the Carter days. However, Grenada did have Libyan, North Korean, and Syrian Embassies

the U.S. Marines had total air control. Further, representatives of Plessey Airports of England, installing the electronics, were balking at lending their name to the shoddy Cuban material they were forced to use. Clearly not wanting to be associated with the surreptitious construction of a military airport, Plessey has asserted that these electronics were civilian, not military. Well, so were those at Port Stanley, kept open (for Argentinian Pucaras, at least) until the end. So are those on Barbados, one side of which is now wholly U.S. military. The distinction is minor. But no pilot in the world would like to be in a fuel-thin MiG facing an F-14 Tomcat.

So Sazhenev applied the whip. No sooner had he arrived than the pro-U.S. Venezuelan ambassador to Grenada was shot at, his daughter hit in the leg. No more Mr. Nice Guy. The Russian had just come up from Argentina, after all. And there was no American presence on the island, which came within the purview of our Barbados Embassy, notoriously soft-hearted toward Bishop in the Carter days. However, Grenada did have Libyan, North Korean, and Syrian Embassies, though the term is a misnomer. The Russian Embassy, which the Marines were accused of hitting (it could as easily have been the Cubans), was a small sprawl of wood chalets confiscated from a Dutchman; it would have been very difficult not to hit one in the course of taking the nearby radio station. In the same way, the hospital bombed on Richmond Hill, known locally as the Crazy House, was inhabited mostly by mental cases, including some criminally insane murderers. It was adjacent to an army camp and soldiers were seen sheltering in it. Apparently they handed out arms to some of the patients. Maybe the latter would have made a better army.

There was, however, a British presence, in the person of Governor General Sir Paul Scoon, a politically colorless figure who gave us our land license years ago and who was a necessity for Commonwealth status. It was probably this that brought Mrs. Thatcher out against us; she was early summoned by the Queen, who does not like her turf invaded by Yanks. There was also a High Commissioner. He may have contributed to the British stance. A High Commissioner is responsible for visas, scholarships, and suchlike, as well as disseminating cultural matter. A new man had just replaced the genial Bob Willox, who used to supply me with copies of the *Daily Telegraph*. His replacement immediately stopped this subscription and instead took out one to *The Guardian*, refuge of the worst left-Labour riffraff. *Verb. sap.*

But even the debates in the British House of Commons were as nothing to the editorials we read in the *New York Times* on our return, especially when that newspaper lost all hope of a military debacle and turned to sheer venom. The legality of the liberation was dealt with once and for all in a brilliant *Wall Street Journal* editorial (Nov. 1), which could have buttressed its demolition of the *Times* by pointing out that *there had already been a legitimate rescue mission of the same nature early in 1980.* When Milton Cato was elected premier of St. Vincent then, a Marxist hothead called Bumper invaded and captured Union Island, a dependency. Having no defense forces, Cato appealed to Barbados for help, and the Bajan police sent over a plane or two, on which Bumper and his pals opened fire. Bumper then fled to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I saw to my astonishment that the book's title was *Reagan's Speeches*. Heaven knows where they were published, or how much the book had cost her, but there it lay, and if the thought police had found it she would have gone to prison

Grenada. Maybe he met up with Flying Turkey, I don't know.

To us, and to other exiles, the *Times*'s editorials were extraordinary—they were so excitable, and also so much at variance with some sober, if inaccurate, reporting in the body of the paper. To begin with, they were enraged at the military's exclusion of the press. General Jeremy Taylor taught us this lesson in the Falklands, at first declining to sail with even as few as two BBC reporters on board. Compare the reverse in Vietnam, with footage of Americans killing beautiful and impoverished Asiatics. There was an instance of this again, on NBC's *First Camera*, filmed by a Frenchman I'd met, as two Marines are seen lugging the dead bodies of Cubans away—in civilian clothes. One wag in the *New York Post* imagined what Pearl Harbor might have been like had a Japanese general called through to get it all set up for the TV cameras first. Meanwhile, the *Times* totally distorted the situation in regard to war correspondents both in the Falklands and in World War II (as I knew it).

It also distorted the politics of the entire area by calling the elected democracies of St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Dominica, Barbados, and Trinidad "right-of-center regimes" the day it announced the liberation. A complete falsification, even apart from the implication that it is wrong to be Right. In its next editorial, "The Grenada High," the *Times* asked: "What, in any case, could Cubans have done from Grenada that they cannot do better from Cuba?" That is one incredible question. Do they never read the defense press over on 43rd Street? Can't they read a map? Do they know nothing of our oil shipping lanes up from Trinidad, or of how just one nuclear submarine, *HMS Conqueror*, kept an entire navy at bay in the Falklands? Mirage jets could only just make it from Argentina to the Falklands and back fully fueled. If Harriers could tease them into maneuvering they would have to ditch on return, and many did. The same applied to MiGs in Cuba. The need for those fuel tanks on Point Salines was crucial, and Sazhenev knew it.

One does not expect the likes of Anthony Lewis or Alexander Cockburn to check such matters out, but one does expect that much from the major editorial writer of the East Coast—for whom, instead, the U.S. went in, one day, "to topple a distasteful regime" (where none existed) and, a few days later, "because we felt bad." And to suggest that Eugenia Charles's appeal for help originated in Washington is disgusting—"Their [the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States'] request was plainly encouraged, if not indeed written, in Washington." This is gutter journalism, on a level with the *Times*'s sneers at the Marines and "President Feelgood," who is only a step away from "an eater of babies."

The newspaper convicted itself on the day after liberation as follows: "If there were clear evidence of Cuban or Soviet intervention, there would be a case for United States intervention," a statement echoed by Sol Linowitz in the *Washington Post*. There now is such "clear evidence," and I am ready to go to the block or the rack to give it. In conclusion, I can offer one true anecdote, surprising to both my wife and myself.

On leaving, we said good-bye to our Grenadian maid. She was reading in her room. Usually it is the Bible, but on this occasion the book had the word *Speeches* on its partly visible cover. Now, Bishop's speeches had just been put into book form somewhere or another and were being introduced into the schools. I assumed that our maid, a concerned mother of five, was checking them out. When she put down the book, however, I saw to my astonishment that its title was *Reagan's Speeches*. Heaven knows where they were published, or how much the book had cost her in hard-earned dollars, but there it lay, and if the thought police had found it she would have gone to prison and her family been persecuted, for clear evidence of right-of-center thinking. Now, as a Grenadian shouted at the first TV crews coming in, "We're free! We're free!" □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Margaret Thatcher's No-No

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

QUIBBLES APART, America's liberation of Grenada clearly does have much in common with Britain's liberation of the Falklands. Over the Falklands the American government dithered at first but, in the end, came down firmly on Britain's side: over Grenada the British government dithered and then declared its uncompromising disapproval of America's action. This seems ungrateful, imprudent for the future, and uncharacteristic of Mrs. Thatcher.

Why should the Iron Lady, the conqueror of General Galtieri, be so weak over how to deal with a blood-soaked Marxist dictatorship in the Caribbean? This question has exercised a lot of British Conservatives (more than half the Conservative Party at a guess, the others being congenitally "wet," i.e., soft-liners, themselves) no less than the U.S. and Caribbean citizens who feel that Britain has let them down.

The hullabaloo created in London by the Grenadian affair is compounded of pride, historical illusion, legalism, party political advantage, and muddled principles. These trends are worth disentangling in order to estimate how much damage has been done to the Atlantic Alliance.

The underlying historical fact is that Britain, in her headlong retreat from empire (a retreat, it's only fair to remember, that the United States encouraged), left a vacuum in the Caribbean not only by giving independence to islands that, in the real world as distinct from the dream palace of the United Nations, were bound to fall under the influence, protection, or dominance of some interested power, but also by explicitly withdrawing from any future responsibilities in the region.

A formal link, however, remained—the myth of the Commonwealth, which has been used throughout to disguise the reality of the abandonment of empire. This myth is still important to many British politicians. The Queen, in particular, takes her position as Head of the Commonwealth very seriously. The illusions involved, form without substance, led, for example, to the handing over of Rhodesia—amid much self-congratulation—to the one-party Marxist regime of Mr. Robert Mugabe. Similarly, and no less smugly, Grenada was originally abandoned and left in quite unsuitable, though less ruthless, hands. Without the protection of the myth such surrender would have been intolerably shameful.

The eventual plight of Grenada differed from other post-imperial disasters in that neighboring Caribbean members of the Commonwealth actually asked for Britain's help to intervene once it was apparent that Grenada was becoming a Cuban satellite. The Marxist regime there was more unpleasant than General Galtieri's in the Falklands, and the island itself is of real strategic significance. But the idea of intervention ran counter to the rules of the myth by which so much that would otherwise have been unjustifiable had been justified. Neutralist Commonwealth countries in Asia and Africa would have been outraged—and there was about to be a Commonwealth conference in Delhi. The British Foreign Office would have curled up with embarrassment; a host of legalistic objections sprang to the official mind.

Understandably, President Reagan—and the beleaguered black governor general of Grenada—chose not to get bogged down in that kind of argument. Meanwhile, the British government was left extraordinarily uninformed by its own diplomats both about the real situation in Grenada and about America's intentions, just as the Foreign Office failed last year to give any adequate warning of the Argentinian invasion of the Falklands. By the time Mrs. Thatcher and the foreign secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, discovered that the assault on Grenada was under way, they couldn't even pretend to have been properly consulted. They had visible egg on their faces.

MRS. THATCHER, feeling that she had been ignored, was angry. The Queen was furious, just as she was furious about Ian Smith's unilateral declaration of independence in Rhodesia, not about the handover to Mugabe. But because Mrs. Thatcher is genuinely devoted to the special relationship with America (and therefore felt all the more betrayed), her government adopted the undignified position of neither supporting nor roundly condemning America's action.

The opposition parties had great fun deriding such indecision: and they mischievously exploited the anti-American prejudices both of the Left and of the chauvinistic Right. One liberal columnist, writing in the *Times*, shamelessly revealed his own characteristic prejudice.

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"The action in Grenada," he wrote, "is typical of a second-rate, trigger-happy, old fantasist." It might have been acceptable, he explained, from somebody trustworthy—a Kennedy or a Carter.

Pressed from all sides to make their position clearer, Mrs. Thatcher and Sir Geoffrey spoke more plainly, but no more persuasively, about their reasons for disapproving of the physical liberation of Grenada. Mrs. Thatcher said she was glad that the Grenadians were free, but one couldn't just go liberating other people's countries. It was too dangerous. She said nothing about the governor general's request for American help; which, if Grenada is independent, he was perfectly entitled to make. Can oppressed people never be rescued? May threatened countries never take preventive action for their own safety? Mrs. Thatcher didn't say.

Britain, and indeed the other European allies, have shown deplorably little understanding of the importance, not only to the United States but to themselves, of the sea routes through the Caribbean. They are short-sightedly reluctant to be involved outside the fixed NATO area. Their chief worry about the consequences of the Grenadian affair is that it will make the deployment of cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe more politically difficult, because the nuclear disarmers are saying that America's failure to consult her allies on this occasion shows that she might equally fire missiles from their territory without consultation. The argument is quite fallacious, but, according to the opinion polls, has affected a lot of people.

Distrust of America, among those who already distrusted America, has grown: but there has been plenty of support too. Conservative newspapers in Britain have been much stauncher than the Conservative government; they have backed the American invasion wholeheartedly and expressed some scorn for the government's position—or lack of position.

Anything that angers both the Foreign Office and the *New York Times* must, some of us feel, be right. However, damage has been done. Too often lately Washington has shown itself insensitive to the pride and political needs of the European allies: and the Europeans have been touchily concerned to demonstrate their independence. The unity of the alliance is more important, for everyone's safety, than the rights and wrongs of any particular problem. Fence-mending is needed now. □

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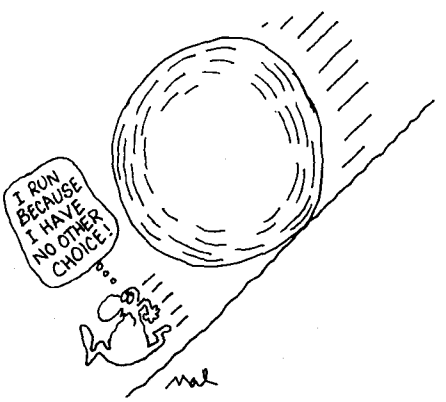

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Fritz's Jimmy Problem

While first mate on the *Titanic*,
Fritz insists he pointed out
That he saw an iceberg coming
And advised they turn about.
But when ordered by the captain
To proceed at Full Ahead,
Fritz complied like a Cunarder,
Till the engine room went dead.

W. H. VON DREELE

Ross

Rothco

"White man speak with forked tongue, but I'll defend to the death his right to speak with forked tongue."

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THE QUARTERLY REPORT

A Rendezvous with Realism?

MICHAEL A. SCULLY

"THE AMERICAN character," writes Arthur Schlesinger Jr. in the Fall issue of *Foreign Affairs*, "is indeed filled with contradiction and paradox. So, in consequence, is American foreign policy." All nations, of course, have peculiar characteristics that result from their respective histories and affect their perceptions of and dealings with the world. In the case of the United States, says Mr. Schlesinger, "No paradox is more persistent than the historic tension in the American soul between an addiction to experiment and a susceptibility to ideology."

America's founders had a practical and unromantic view of international affairs. Schlesinger quotes, for example, George Washington: "No nation is to be trusted farther than it is bound by its interest." Then, beginning early in the nineteenth century, America turned inward. Protected from European schemes by the peace that reigned on the Continent for most of the century, the U.S. settled into a long period of relative isolation from foreign entanglements. Only after settlement of the American West did the nation once again turn toward world affairs. But by then, Schlesinger suggests, an ideological fervor had displaced historical perspective as the mode of discourse about foreign affairs. For example, although it was clearly in America's interest to enter World War I, "Woodrow Wilson could not bring himself to admit the national interest in preventing the whole force of Europe from being wielded by a single hand. Instead, he made himself the prophet of a world beyond power politics. . . . And he insisted on the providential appointment of the United States as 'the only idealistic nation in the world,' endowed with 'the infinite privilege of fulfilling her destiny and saving the world.'" Schlesinger is quite right to stress the centrality of Wilson, whose radicalism failed in his own time but generated a powerful ideological vision that continues to compete with more prosaic views of foreign policy.

The remainder of Schlesinger's article focuses on ideological messianism as it affects a variety of current foreign-policy issues. (Unfortunately, all of his examples of "ideology" involve merely partisan attacks on Reagan Administration policies with which he disagrees.) Ideology poses a danger—perhaps the greatest danger—to peace, because it leads to simplism:

> Each regime, reading its adversary ideologically rather than historically, deduces act from imputed essence and attributes purpose, premeditation, and plan where less besotted analysts would raise a hand for improvisation, accident, chance, ignorance, negligence, and even sheer stupidity.

What Schlesinger suggests, in other words, is that there is a form of simple-mindedness that imputes perfection to one's enemies—even though one knows from experience that perfection is unattainable even by one's friends, and certainly not by any system. Unfortunately, Schlesinger's attack on ideology is too circumspect. He neglects to mention, for example, the exact opposite phenomenon, which would make the same point about the dangers of ideological excess by reference to those who, as we might say, reading their adversary ideologically rather than historically, raise a hand for improvisation, accident, chance, ignorance, negligence, and even sheer stupidity, where less besotted analysts would attribute purpose, premeditation, and plan.

Knowing the Enemy

The point is, of course, that sometimes one's enemies appear to act purposefully, but in fact are merely displaying that they are human and erring. Sometimes—indeed, more often—they mean it. An enemy, by definition, means one harm. There is no need to choose between paranoia and naïveté, between assuming one's enemies perfectly competent and assuming them utterly inept. The definition provides the appropriate prejudice: One must begin with an *assumption* that harm is intended, and in each particular case go on from there. To do otherwise is to deny that one's enemy is one's enemy.

Schlesinger's circumspection clouds other facets of his argument. For example, it is odd that in an attack on ideology as a means of judging world events, only one form of faulty vision is criticized. Surely, if historical judgment should replace ideology, as Schlesinger believes it should, it is rather unfortunate that though he criticizes "a fearful tendency to look everywhere for new monsters," there is no discussion of those who cannot see the *real* monsters roaming the world, which Schlesinger admits exist. In addition, Schlesinger's reticence, combined with his animosity toward Ronald Reagan's rhetoric and policies, leads him to neglect an important "ideological" foreign-policy alternative more suitable to our condition than either Wilsonian messianism or the despair—"this too shall pass"—of historical relativism.

Rejecting Isolationism

There were *two* futuristic foreign-policy visions spawned by the Progressive Era. One was limited, hard-nosed, and forthright. The other was universal, naïve, and arrogant. To put it simply, the two competing visions were Theodore Roosevelt's of "The American Century," and Woodrow Wilson's of "A League of Nations."

These two competing views of America's role in the world had in common their rejection of isolationism, but in both practice and aspiration they were quite different. For decades they competed, with national interest usually nudging the balance in favor of some version of Roosevelt's vision. After the Second World War, the universalist dream led to the establishment of the United Nations, but the Soviet threat kept the other perspective dominant. Until Vietnam.

One of the larger misfortunes of Vietnam was that it led to the evisceration of the Democratic Party's nationalist wing, and the dominance of the universalists and neo-isolationists. Jimmy Carter was the universalist mentality come to power. So inappropriate did it prove to be to the world situation that Americans began to recover their earlier understanding: When it comes to foreign policy and the American character, there is no better focus than American interests and no substitute for character. □

Mr. Scully is Editor of This World.

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A Fireside Chat With
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

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Time magazine duly noted the conversion of England's premier pundit. But Catholics who **hailed** the great event. In a series of lengthy interviews with author Michael Davies from his home in Sussex County, Malcolm Muggeridge sketches the decades - long path to what he calls his "homecoming." Both eloquent and blunt, he pinpoints the roots of the Church's present crisis — and links it to a force he insists has decimated the West as effectively as communism: liberalism.

A Small Sampling From Chef Muggeridge's Feast:

- ✔ Disarmament? Why Muggeridge — who moved to Moscow as a young socialist expecting to find paradise — can't go along with the fad.
- ✔ A glimpse at Malcolm's private correspondence with Solzhenitsyn.
- ✔ The role John Paul II had in converting Muggeridge. Mother Teresa's decisive influence. Cardinal Newman's.
- ✔ A moving plea to the West's bishops.
- ✔ What *was* it like living under Stalin? An evening at the theater (playing "Slag").
- ✔ Dissected: the liberals' death wish.
- ✔ Why a Catholic can — even should — be apocalyptic. How Malcolm answers those who dismiss him as a "pessimist."
- ✔ Two authors Muggeridge recommends with particular fervor.
- ✔ A stinging indictment of TV (especially cable). And then, Muggeridge moves on to the media (where for forty years he reigned as a dean) in general.

One of those rare men who has an intelligent opinion about nearly everything, Muggeridge is at his best in this first (indeed, only extensive cross-examination since he and his wife entered the Church late last year.

Notes From Malcolm's Hymn To Orthodoxy...

"A very big factor in my conversion was simply an association with Mother Teresa, which happened by chance. One day I got a message that an Indian nun of some sort was coming over here. The British Broadcasting Corporation (BBC) said, 'Would you care to come and interview her?' And then, of course, I saw her. And I realized immediately that she was a very exceptional person, and I was enchanted by her. She was very eager that I should become a Catholic... and we used to talk about it. I had some feeling that I couldn't, but then at last it seemed clear. And so one of the things that was so very pleasant about my conversion was the thought of pleasing her. Which it did."

"I find in old age that almost everything that's happened is written into Dostoyevsky: It's really quite extraordinary. Among other things, he says: 'Doing good without God is diabolical'."

"It may well be that liberalism is a much more vicious and destructive attitude than communism. Because it masquerades as being humane. If you want a simple example, which I believe is extraordinary: You have this holocaust in Germany under the Nazis, with everybody beating their breasts over it. And at the same time on our side of the fence with abortion, euthanasia, and all these things, you've got a sort of 'humane' holocaust taking place. It is infinitely more dreadful than Hitler's. Yet nobody can see the connection between the two — or puports not to."

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Martin Luther's Conservatism

NOVEMBER 10 marked the five-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, a man who has been depicted as a saint by pious Lutherans and a diabolical monster by narrow-minded Catholics, and who, in any case, profoundly changed the course of Western civilization.

If Luther's Reformation can be said to have had a starting point, it is perhaps the winter of 1510-11, when the very medieval Augustinian monk visited Rome and got the shock of his life. It was not, as the pop historians have told us, the depraved morals of Rome that jolted him, but the live reality of the Renaissance.

While Luther was familiar with the purely literary humanism of northern Germany, Rome confronted him with something different—the revival of antiquity and its rich pagan heritage. The old Greek and Roman gods seemed to have been reborn, and the beauty of the human body was admiringly appreciated. Instead of the medieval "circle" with God at its center, an elliptical culture had evolved with two focal points: God and man.

The Rome Luther saw can be traced back to the thirteenth century, beginning with the taking of Constantinople in 1261. The ensuing influx of Greeks to Italy played a crucial role in bringing the Renaissance to full bloom. The Church, far from keeping its distance, absorbed much of the Renaissance, seeing it as good, true, and beautiful regardless of its origin. But Luther saw danger in this embracing of the Renaissance. Profoundly influenced by German mysticism, he smelled the intrusion of paganism here. He even considered Scholasticism—the philosophy of medieval Christian Europe—to be evil because it bore the influence of Greek philosophy (Plato and Aristotle).

Luther despised both intellectualism and good works. According to him, man could be saved *sola fide*, by faith alone. Though he was applauded by the great humanists in the first phase of his rebellion, he soon found himself abandoned by most of them—above all, the very devout Erasmus. Pico della Mirandola, Marsiglio Ficino, Vittorino da Feltre—all were pious Christians and not at all neo-pagans (although it may be argued that Scholasticism, which had preceded them, was the ancestor of modern rationalism). To Luther, however, reason was a whore, or a donkey that could be driven in any direction.

Luther may have started a revolution, but it was a *conservative* revolution. At first, anyway, it was Luther's aim to revert to an earlier, far more theocentric form of religion. He sought a return to older values, to the Early Church, and he never saw himself as an innovator. Furthermore, it must be said that, in a certain sense, the Roman Church had become the center of a form of modernism. It is this that explains why the world of the Reformation maintained the Gothic tradition while the Catholic world sailed forth from the Renaissance to the Baroque and then to the Rococo.

Grant Wood represented the spirit of the Reformation in America perfectly in his *American Gothic*, whereas I would describe *The Birth of Venus* by Botticelli (a very devout man) as a symbol of Catholic culture. His Venus is indeed a baptized goddess radiating Christian goodness. This has been understood by sensitive authors like Everett Dean Martin, a Congregationalist minister who affirmed that Americans had missed the liberating effects of the Renaissance. D. H. Lawrence was getting at the same thing when he spoke of the Pilgrim Fathers as "black masterful men" sailing over the sea to escape "this new Humanity which followed the Renaissance."

Luther, like Calvin, insisted on predestination and denied free will, but his ally Melanchthon (a humanist) saw to it that this tenet of Luther's wasn't incorporated into the Augsburg Confession. In his demand for a faith based solely on Scriptures, Luther rejected oral traditions, which are so difficult to trace, as well as the continuous accretions and innovations that characterize the Catholic religion.

The Reformation faiths are by their nature static. They do not change organically, although they have been changed, and radically: by the first Enlightenment in the eighteenth century, not to mention the second one in our time, which turned them into the very opposite of what they had set out to be. Luther was no "Lutheran" in the modern sense. He went to confession every week of his life, and once, in his old age, when he had spilled a few drops of consecrated wine, he knelt down and licked them up. In 1525 he allowed as how his "German Mass" was nice for young people and country yokels, but proclaimed that the Latin Mass would always remain the uniting bond for all Christendom. Luther even prohibited the remarriage of divorced persons.

IN POLITICAL matters, Luther, like Calvin, was harshly authoritarian and also a kind of racist—*Herr Omnes* (Mr. Everyman) had to obey, and "the princes were gods." To see Luther as the originator of modern democracy, liberalism, tolerance, philosophical relativism, and so forth can only be the result of a failure to distinguish between Luther and post-Enlightenment Lutheranism. The ex-Augustinian doctor of theology who said, "Not even the angels can judge my doctrine," and, "He who does not follow my doctrine cannot be saved," was certainly not a relativistic liberal.

The cultural and political impact of the Reformation was, and remains, enormous. Yet, as George P. Gooch has pointed out, "The true nature of the Reformation is not found in its intention, but in its result." Today, Luther, a real conservative, a profoundly religious man, and a genuine wrestler with Christ, would probably feel more at home in a Benedictine monastery than at the headquarters of the World Council of Churches in Geneva. Of course, it must be said that the Catholic Church, though firmly led by an established magisterium, has not escaped the ill effects of the second Enlightenment, while several branches of the Reformation faiths, especially in the United States, though lacking such firm leadership, have clung faithfully to the basic teachings of Christianity's Divine Founder and have brilliantly resisted the *Aion*, the spirit of the world and of time. □

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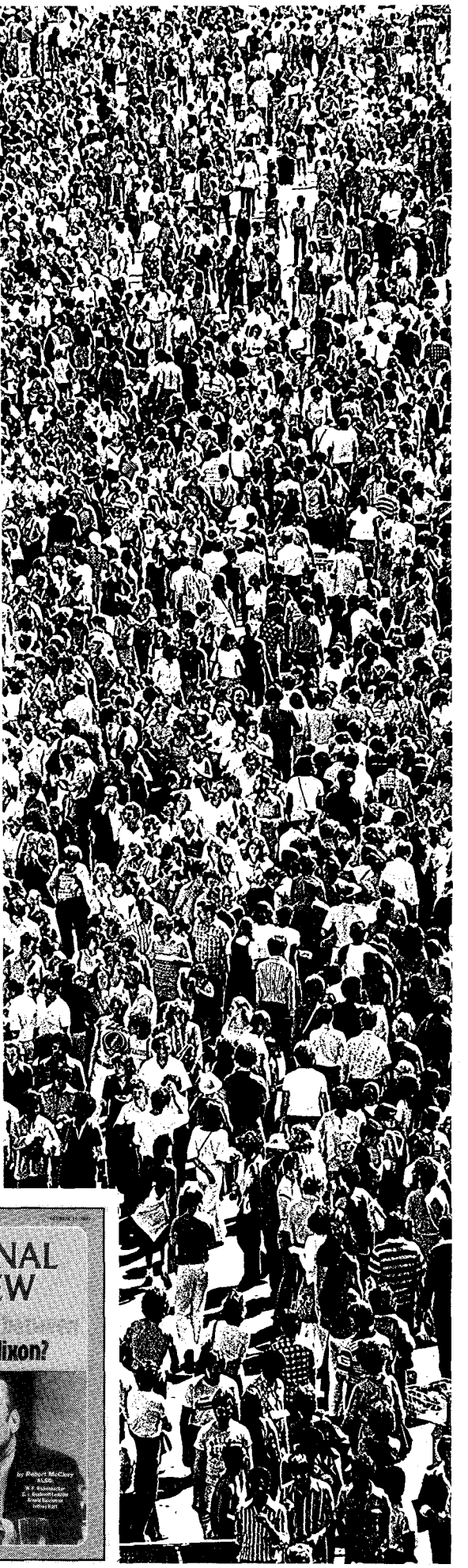

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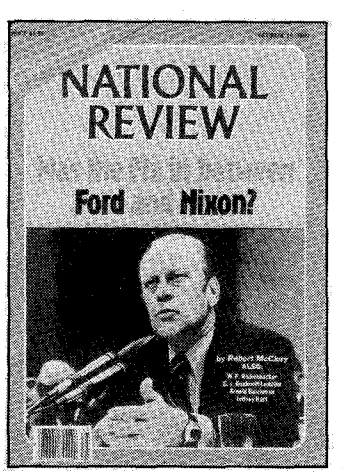

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Religion and the Use Of Force

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

LONG AGO, St. Augustine wished that human beings were reasonable, pacific, and brotherly. Seeing that, instead, passion regularly darkens human minds and evil governs human hearts, he realized that every peace between nations must be built upon a balance of military power. He realized that it is fear of armed might, not reason, that induces nations to negotiate. In an evil world, force is reason's daily instrument. Force without justice is brutal; justice without force is vain.

Unlike Augustine, the sensitive and intelligent leaders of our political culture do not believe in the use of military force, except as a remote principle. Children of light such as the editorial writers of the *New York Times* believe that last month's rescue operation in Grenada occurred because of "prior political failures," as if reason alone should normally have triumphed. They judge the American people "immature" for feeling better about their country because force was used.

In the nation's other beacon of light, the *Washington Post*, associate editor Robert G. Kaiser calmly held that his own country, the United States, "has a myopic, ideological foreign policy . . . produced by prejudice and instinct." Kaiser adds: The United States' "preoccupation with the use or threat of force seems anti-historical." That ought to be headline news: FORCE NOW BANNED FROM HISTORY.

Nearly everyone has remarked by now that this country's national media have been, on the whole, far more outraged by President Reagan's sense of reality than the American people have been. The *Times*, indeed, used the word "immature" not just of the President but of "a great many Americans."

Place yourself, for a moment, in the world of our mature children of light, the political culture of the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times*. Their faith in reason and in negotiations is breathtaking. In their view, what moves political leaders to negotiate is reason. Skill in getting other leaders to perceive their own interests makes the use of military force unnecessary.

But this is to inflate reason beyond all historical experience. Moreover, it is to imagine that reason itself wants to pursue its own real interests, to be utilitarian, calculating, prudent. This reason of shop-keepers is not, alas, the common run of reason in history. Dostoyevsky wrote that nothing is more boring than being reasonable, nothing more common than reason's pursuit of self-destruction. One sees it every day. One sees it in our political culture.

Furthermore, if President Reagan is immature, myopic, ideological, and acting from prejudice and instinct, how can the children of light be so sure that other world leaders are not in the same situation? What if this is also the case with Andropov and Castro, Brandt and d'Escoto, Thatcher and Mitterrand, Gemayel and Assad, Qaddafi and Arafat? It may be perfectly clear to Mr. Kaiser that he himself is a luminous and reasonable man, especially when compared with President Reagan; but has he never had fantasies of being more reasonable than *any* political leader whatever, or even than all of them together?

Believing the Worst

For the "grown-up" and the "mature," it would seem, impossible tasks are expected of reason every day before breakfast. Yet, by their own testimony, President Reagan heeds neither their opinions nor reason. If other leaders are like him, their faith in reason is seriously misplaced.

Our men of mature reason seem, secondly, horrified at the thought of bloodshed—their own, first of all, but also that of anyone defending the West victoriously. Quite eagerly, they believe the worst of our side. Grenada equals Afghanistan (the *Times*). Soviet excuses for going into Czechoslovakia in 1968 equal those of Reagan for going into Grenada in 1983 (Kaiser). So write men who proclaim their faith in reason. Their own words condemn them.

The *Post* and the *Times*, thirdly, maintain a wholesome vision of Marxism, of which they have no inordinate fear whatever. They treat nations as a banker would: "We don't care about their ideology, so long as they pay their bills." Marxism in Grenada is described as if it were an interesting way to arrange an economy, no business of ours.

Our children of light keep in mind Western Marxists they have known, idealists, utopians. So for them it is absurd to link Marxists in Syria and in Grenada as if all were part of one international terrorist network, which is slowly strangling every living Western organism. For our children of light, Reagan's perception of an evil empire acting today on all continents and on every ocean is a fantasy, "produced by prejudice and instinct." They say they do not believe it.

Defending the Innocent

Although they pretend otherwise, however, our children of light admit premonitions. For they are also the very ones who say that the Marines in Beirut should have *known* that irrational terror would kill more than two hundred of them in their beds. They are the same ones who say that the sectarian and irrational strife of the Middle East escapes the capacity of the U.S. to control it. So they do see the power of unreason, after all.

But from that they fail to draw the truthful lesson. Having discredited reason, they feign greater trust in it. At the brink of seeing why, in a world in which evil and unreason thrive, just men must be prepared to defend themselves and their innocent neighbors with a terrible swift sword, they avert their eyes. Cowardice drives our current political culture.

For children of light, the price of resisting evil in Vietnam was set too high. The "lesson of Vietnam" is the habit of surrender. "Maturity" means yielding to that habit again and again. Losers all.

To understand the enemy that threatens them—them above all—they should study Maurice Bishop. What they think Marxism is, so did he. The gun that flashed at him aims at them. □

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Rosenberg and Guildenstern Are Dead

The Rosenberg File
By Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton
Holt, Rinehart, 608 pp., $22.50

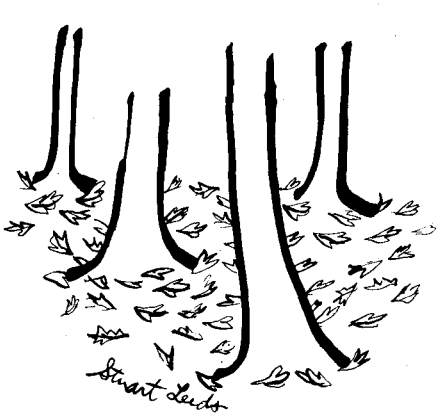
RICHARD BROOKHISER

This is a book aimed at a particular audience, from a particular direction. Its authors—Ronald Radosh, a history professor, and Joyce Milton, a freelance writer—are practicing leftists; the credits in their bios read like a Michelin guide to the journals of liberalism, and beyond: *The New York Times Book Review*, *The New Republic*, *The Progressive*, *The Nation*, *In These Times*. They began *The Rosenberg File* in the hope that the mass of government documents—over 200,000 pages—released under the Freedom of Information Act in the late Seventies would finally settle a case that, in their part of the world, was still considered at best open, at worst a frame-up. Their conclusion: "Julius Rosenberg . . . was guilty of spying; and Ethel . . . was almost certainly his accomplice."

The trail to the Rosenbergs began in England. Early in 1950 Klaus Fuchs, a German-born British scientist who had worked on the Manhattan Project, confessed that he had passed designs of the atom bomb to the Soviet Union. Fuchs's contact in America had been a middle-aged Philadelphia chemist, Harry Gold. Gold's confession to the FBI revealed that he had also gotten atomic information from a second source, a young soldier he had had a rendezvous with in Albuquerque in 1945. The first suspect the FBI questioned, David Greenglass, a former machine-shop foreman at Los Alamos, admitted meeting with Gold. Greenglass also said that he had been recruited to spy by his sister Ethel's husband, Julius Rosenberg.

Julius and Ethel had been born and bred on New York's Lower East Side. Julius's father hoped he might become a rabbi; Ethel sang in vaudeville amateur nights. They met after one of her performances, at a New Year's Eve union benefit. In 1943, they suddenly dropped out of the Communist Party, to which they had long belonged. "Julius was very active," Radosh and Milton quote a former Communist, "and one fine day he disappeared. We knew there was only one explanation."

The spy ring that Julius abandoned the open party to set up went far beyond Greenglass. Two likely members, Alfred Sarant and Joel Barr, defected to the Soviet Union. Morton Sobell, an engineer who had worked on government military contracts, was tried along with the Rosenbergs and sentenced to thirty years. But it was the atomic theft that was most damning. Greenglass, besides trafficking with Gold, had given material directly to Julius. He remembered—hazily, Radosh and Milton claim—Ethel typing up his notes. Though his information was not "the" secret of the bomb, it confirmed Fuchs's more precise account. The Rosenbergs were electrocuted in 1953 at Sing Sing.



THIS IS THE familiar outline of the case. *The Rosenberg File* adds new details, some of them richly ironic. Harry Gold, for example, testified that one of his signals to Greenglass was the phrase "Julius sent me." (He also presented half of a Jell-O box; Rosenberg had given Greenglass the other half.) The phrase was important, since it tied Julius in at both ends of the spy ring. The FBI documents show that Gold had trouble recalling the precise phrase up until the day before the trial. Rosenberg's lawyer might have exposed this on cross-examination—if he had cross-examined Gold at all. Instead, he let Gold's testimony pass. The recently released files suggest a reason. Gold had told the prosecution that Rosenberg resembled a new contact he had tried to meet, following Soviet instructions, shortly before his arrest. The government decided not to use this item. But if Gold knew it, so surely did Rosenberg. The defense could not risk a cross-examination, lest it come out.

The dry, white-paper tenor of *The Rosenberg File* is enlivened by subthemes. There is, *pianissimo*, a brisk left-wing internecine feud. The authors, in their acknowledgments, thank Martin Peretz, editor-in-chief of *The New Republic*; a preliminary article, by Radosh and Sol Stern, appeared there in 1979. Peretz, it will be remembered, opened his pages to Allen Weinstein in the brawl that followed the publication of

Arnold Beichman *is a Visiting Scholar at the Hoover Institution, and co-author of* Yuri Andropov: New Challenge to the West, *published recently by Stein & Day.* . . . **Thomas Mallon** *is a professor of English at Vassar College.* . . . **Elias M. Schwarzbart** *is an attorney and UN correspondent for* Freedom-at-Issue *(Freedom House).*

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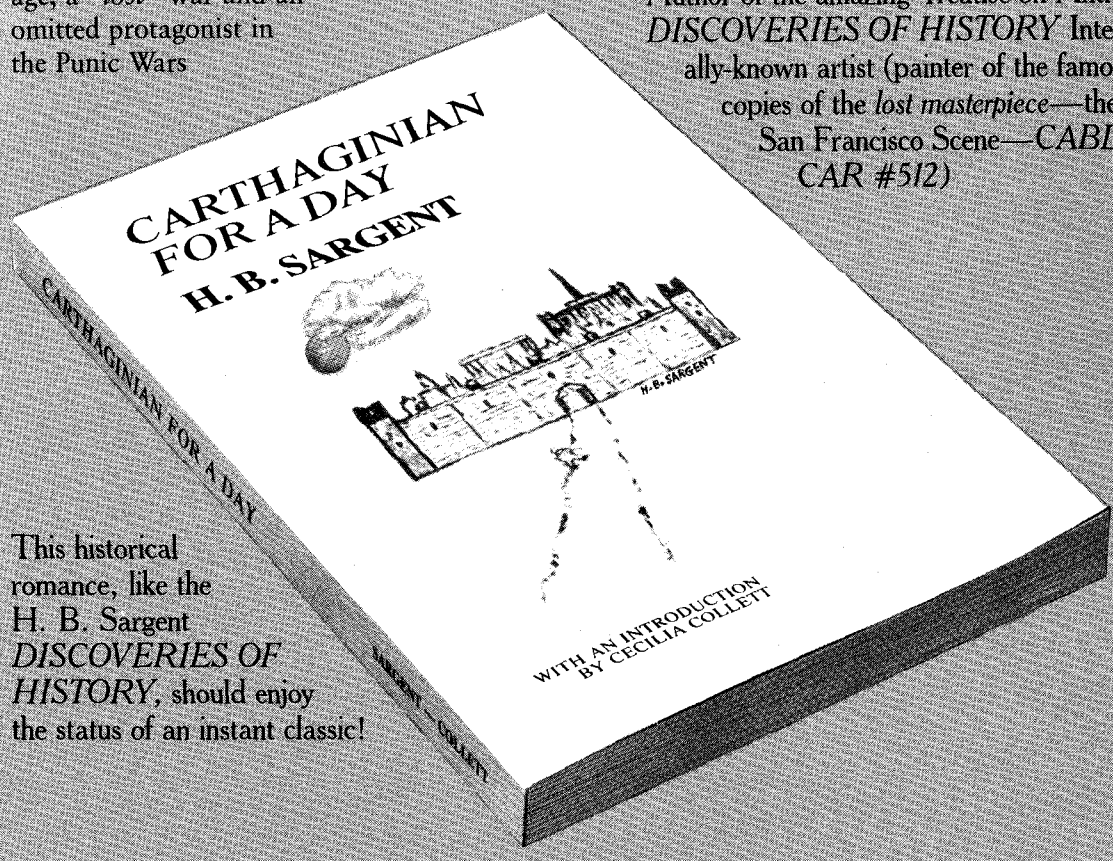

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Perjury. Clearly Peretz and his staff recognize a moral imperative—that democrats, of whatever stripe, cannot be latrine-cleaners for Stalinists. There is also a political reality. Americans, in the mass, may accept socialism—they accept it now, to a certain extent—but they will never ever tolerate Communists, or their hangers-on. Meanwhile, the old guard has not surrendered. Radosh and Milton have suffered a barrage of sleazy and dishonest letters, e.g., in *The New York Times Book Review* and *The New York Review of Books*.

There are families. The Rosenberg children, displayed in the White House picket line. Mrs. Greenglass, visiting her daughter on death row and upbraiding her for not siding with brother David. "So what would have been so terrible if you had backed up his story?"

There is the whole Communist Wurlitzer, which thumped into action too late to help the Rosenbergs, but not too late to make useful noise. (First prize goes to Sartre: "The United States has rabies.") There is the charge of anti-Semitism, bayed throughout the trial by the worldwide Left—even as 11 top Communists, eight of them Jews, were being executed in Prague for, among other crimes, Zionism.

There is, finally, a great deal of shock absorption. It still comes hard, over yonder, to think that the United States does anything right. Radosh and Milton indeed believe it did a lot wrong. It appears that Ethel Rosenberg's prosecution was conceived, in large part, as a lever for prying a confession from Julius. When he held firm, she suffered the same—and, as it turned out, supreme—penalty: a strategy, and a result, the authors deplore. They chide the prosecution for overestimating the danger of spies, and for making American justice appear to be "the handmaiden of cold-war politics." They treat the whole case as a symptom of a freakish and unfortunate moment of panicky zeal. This theme is picked up by the book's defenders. "The complex truths uncovered" in *The Rosenberg File*, wrote Alan Dershowitz, "will please neither side."

I don't know, I'm not that displeased. We had "cold-war politics" because there was a cold war. The Soviets had squatted on half of Europe, made a grab for Korea, and built an atomic bomb. That was reason enough for zeal—and fear, and anger. Nevertheless, the Rosenbergs had their day in court, defended by counsel of their choice. Their supporters enjoyed full freedom of assembly and of the press. Not bad for American justice, bark and all.

I would go further. I would contentedly accept both sides in the Rosenberg case as fair samples of the systems they represented. One side tried, with determination and occasional over-eagerness, to defend the Republic. The other side tried, with equal determination, to help Stalin. One side treated its enemies no worse, mutatis mutandis, than it treats the average racketeer. The other side hoped to treat its enemy no better than it had treated Czechoslovakia, or Poland. One side employed prison informers, courtroom hardball, slick prosecutors playing for headlines. The other side used theft, deceit, and treachery.

The Rosenbergs, like Hamlet's courtier friends, came between the fell incensèd points of mighty opposites. Like them, they did make love to their employment. Who does A, must risk paying B. The real-world moral is not Dershowitz's, but this: If you want to stay out of the chair, get out of the spy business. □

Present History
By Theodore Draper
Random House, 467 pp., $17.95

OFF TARGET AND ON

ELIAS M. SCHWARZBART

Present History, a collection of magazine articles written over the last decade by Theodore Draper, a noted scholar *engagé*, furnishes a careful conspectus of some of the crucial issues haunting our Kafkaesque century. The essays range widely over such problems as nuclear war, the Western (Mis)alliance, Henry Kissinger and détente, the Arab-Israeli wars, the neoconservatives, and intellectuals in politics; they originally appeared in an astonishingly wide spectrum of publications: *The New York Review of Books*, *Encounter*, *The New Republic*, *Commentary*, *The Washington Quarterly*, *The New York Times Book Review*, and *Dissent*. Draper's lively opinions and wicked wit help somewhat to relieve our nightmares.

In the opening pieces on nuclear war, Draper takes on the two "talismanic slogans" of the anti-nuclear movement—"no first use" and "the freeze"—and deftly demolishes them. His first objection to "no first use"—which owes its prominence to its advocacy by "the gang of four" (Bundy, Kennan, McNamara, and Gerard Smith)—is that it is nothing more than an unenforceable declaration of intention, and as such is worse than useless. "It is really equivalent, if taken seriously, to *no use* . . . [which] would make it clear that we are dealing with a statement of the problem, not a step toward its solution." His second objection is that it removes the nuclear deterrent and thereby enhances, rather than reduces, the danger of conventional aggression. Draper goes on to tackle Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* (which denounces the policy of deterrence, calls for an end to "national sovereignty," and concludes that "the task is nothing less than to reinvent politics: to reinvent the world"), exposing its utopian puerilities as belonging to the genre of political fantasy and millennial daydreaming: ultimately, merely a disguised counsel of despair.

Mr. Draper, however, is far less persuasive when he turns his ire against the Reagan Administration in general and Secretary of Defense Weinberger in particular, assailing them for allegedly abandoning the policy of deterrence for a hidden agenda of fighting and winning a nuclear war. The debate hinges on the concept of "sufficiency," conceived by Draper simply as a "reliable deterrent" having the capacity to deal a devastating retaliatory strike, resulting in mutual assured destruction (MAD). But what if "sufficiency" proves insufficient to deter an aggressor from launching a war?

Draper's assault on Secretary Weinberger fails to confront the ineluctable dilemma and paradox of deterrence, although Weinberger himself has addressed the problem squarely by urging the necessity of convincingly demonstrating to the Soviets that, if we are attacked, our strategic forces have the capacity to survive Soviet strikes over an extended period while causing unacceptable damage to Soviet assets. (In an exchange between Draper and Weinberger that appeared in *The New York Review of Books* after this book was published, the Secretary further clarified the Administration's position and responded point by point to every charge Draper had made. As a result, whereas Draper's first articles began with hot accusations of "hoax," "deception," and "monstrous perversion of the doctrine of deterrence," his final reply ended "on a more optimistic note" and with an expression of "deep respect.")

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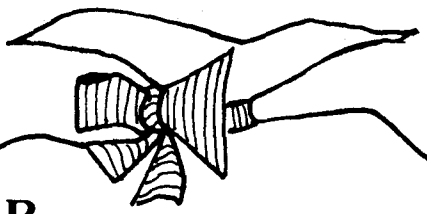

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The articles dealing with the Western "misalliance" (NATO), the diplomacy of Henry Kissinger, and the Arab-Israeli wars show Draper at his brilliant best. They are recommended not only to the general reader but also to those whose business it is to deal with foreign affairs, for their scrupulous marshaling of the historical facts and their penetrating insights. In the case of the NATO articles, for example, the historical approach leads to the timely reminder that NATO was never an alliance in the sense of an organization formed for concerted undertakings; it was, instead, *ab initio* merely a unilateral guarantee by the United States of European security. Reconsideration of this one-sided relationship is now certainly on the agenda. And the essays on the Arab-Israeli wars are to my thinking among the most enlightening on this dismal subject. I had read them when they first appeared and find, on re-reading them, that they had the power of prophecy. Draper is particularly strong in demonstrating how the 1973 war, which was instigated by the Soviet Union, quickly exposed the fraudulence of the 1972 Nixon-Kissinger détente, and in detailing the ironic circumstances that produced Camp David and explaining why it has failed so far.

DRAPER'S articles on Kissinger and détente may be encapsulated in a simple question: Will the *real* Henry Kissinger please stand up? Is it Professor Kissinger, who as an academic wrote the classic texts on the pitfalls and illusions of détente, who warned repeatedly that the apparent Soviet turn from belligerency to détente was no more than a change of tactics to obtain access to Western technology and to achieve a peaceful victory over the West, and who pressed the need for even greater Western unity to resist the Soviets' plans for world conquest? Or is it National Security Advisor/Secretary of State Kissinger, who, in this second incarnation, made a 180-degree turn, established a "back channel" with Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin, neglected Europe and Latin America, embraced détente as initiating a new era in which the Soviets would cooperate to establish world peace, and hailed the ratification of SALT I, which ultimately led to Soviet nuclear superiority? Draper's pen is dipped in acid as he mocks Kissinger's "concepts" and "nuances" and adds Vietnam to his list of disasters. Draper manages to achieve in 75 pages what Seymour Hersh failed to achieve in the 640 pages of *The Price of Power*.

Some of Draper's shorter articles are not on the same high level as the more substantial ones, but, all in all, *Present History* is an important book for our tormented times. □

A History of European Socialism
By Albert S. Lindemann
Yale, 385 pp., $25

IMPOSSIBLE—IF NOT DIFFICULT

ARNOLD BEICHMAN

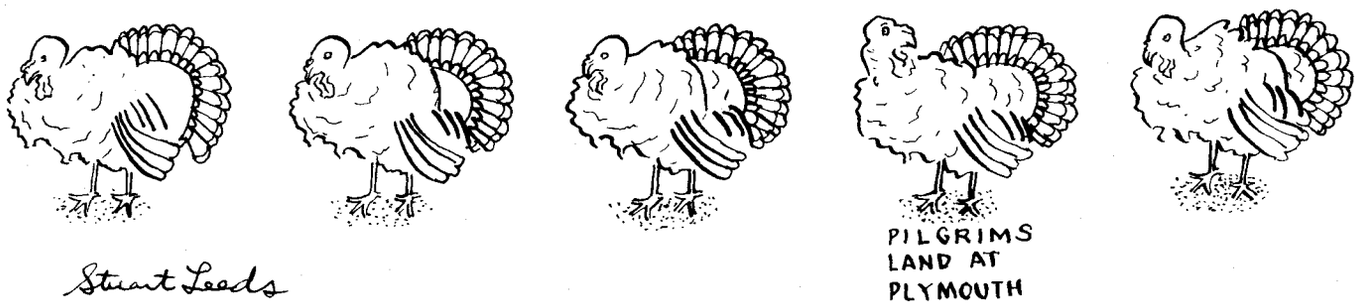
Michael Polanyi, the distinguished scientist-philosopher, once wrote: "Unjust privileges prevailing in a free society can be reduced only by carefully graded stages; those who would demolish them overnight would erect greater injustices in their place. An absolute moral renewal of society can be attempted only by an absolute power, which must inevitably destroy the moral life of man."

In a paragraph, Polanyi has summarized unforgettably the meaning and consequences of "scientific socialism," the orthodoxy that at present reigns over the American academy, especially in the social sciences and the humanities. A century after the death of Karl Marx, his ideology, as it has been put into practice, promises to turn the second half of the twentieth century into the most barbarous timespan in the history of civilization.

Whether or not these genocidal decades should be blamed entirely on Marx or on his Bolshevik paracletes may not be too important. What is important is the pandemic phenomenon that the Marxist congregation willfully ignores: Those who live under socialism, i.e., the illegitimization of private property, abominate it as if it were leprosy. In non-socialist countries, intellectuals harass the population with injunctions about socialism as the only way out of the human dilemma. Meanwhile, those who live under socialism are immured, surrounded by trip-wire mortars intended to kill would-be escapees, barbed wire everywhere, KGB border guards and *Volkspolizei* on the alert. Marxism today is the universe of the prison camp, while Marxists claim their ideology foretells liberation from capitalist domination.

Professor Lindemann's book recounts the history of a metastatic ideology whose praxis since Lenin has resulted in as many planned mega-deaths as were recorded in two world wars. Total the massacres of the Soviet peoples by Stalin and of the Chinese by Mao; add the genocides of Kim Il-sung, Pol Pot, and Ho Chi Minh, the Katyn massacre, the dead in Hungary in 1956 and Afghanistan in 1979, and the 269 murdered off the coast of Sakhalin Island. To this add Hitler's contribution to mass slaughter, since Hitler himself declared that his "beautiful thought" about solving the Jewish question "originates from none other than a Jew." (Hitler was referring to the rarely cited essay by Marx, "On the Jewish Question," an anti-Semitic tract that is the "class struggle" version of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.) Into which toss a few million more victims we know nothing about except through demographic studies, and we have the story of this modern version of the Hobbesian nightmare.

For almost a century, this ideology enveloped Europe like a cloud of mustard gas, and I am sorry to say that it seems also to have enveloped Professor Lindemann. He is no foolish, dreamy utopian but a scholar of some attainment. Yet so pernicious is Marxism in



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its intellectual seductiveness that Professor Lindemann, an historian at Santa Barbara, has adopted neo-Marxist categories in his writing.

For example, he writes that "many of the studies [of socialism and Communism since World War II] written by Western scholars in the 1950s and early 1960s were distorted by militant anti-Communism." I have not found in his book where Professor Lindemann has said that some studies by Western scholars were "distorted" by militant anti-Americanism or militant anti-capitalism. Or, he writes that "as a partial antidote to [Leonard] Schapiro's hostility to Soviet Communism, one might look at Herbert Marcuse's *Soviet Marxism: A Critical Analysis*." I have no objection to the recommendation of Marcuse's book, but to use the word "antidote" (my dictionary defines the word as "a remedy to counteract a poison") in referring to Professor Schapiro's work is most unscholarly.

Professor Lindemann says: "Conservative scholars and politicians have argued that Soviet Russia . . . took over Eastern and Central Europe as part of an overall plan to conquer the world for Communism. . . . Politicians and scholars of the Left, on the other hand, have usually insisted on the primarily defensive intent of Russia's actions in Eastern and Central Europe. . . . Suffice it to note that Russian motives, even before the Bolshevik takeover, have rarely been clear. Without access to Soviet archives, a scholarly treatment of Soviet designs after the war is difficult, if not impossible."

I have rarely seen such a gallimaufry of opinions, ideas, and lofty pedantry. Of course, there were "conservative scholars and politicians" but there were also non-conservative and anti-conservative politicians and scholars who believed that the USSR had a design for world conquest: socialists Sidney Hook and Norman Thomas, historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., onetime ADA chairman Paul Seabury, labor leaders George Meany and Walter P. Reuther, Sovietologist Bertram Wolfe, Senator Henry Jackson. And there were European intellectuals and politicians on the Left who were strongly anti-Soviet—Ernest Bevin, Guy Mollet, Léon Jouhaux, Raymond Aron, Kurt Schumacher, Alan Besançon. Is the anti-Soviet International Confederation of Free Trade Unions a conservative body? Isn't liberalism by definition anti-totalitarian and anti-imperialist?

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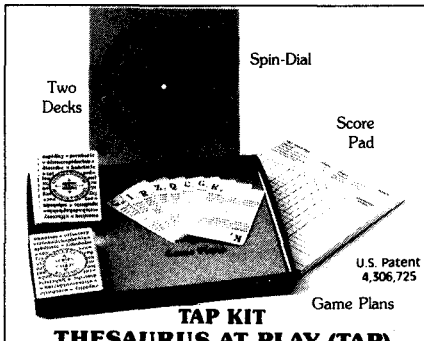

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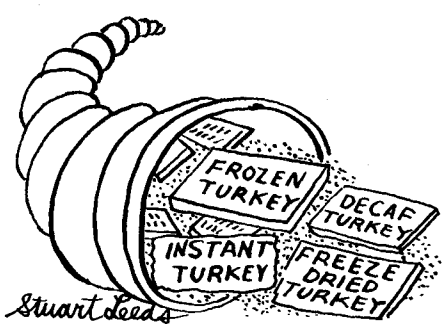
"Without access to Soviet archives, a scholarly treatment of Soviet designs . . . is difficult, if not impossible." Perhaps for Lindemann. For the rest of us, a glance at a map of Europe in 1914 and one in 1954 would make Russian motives luminously clear. The "archive" plea is a non-starter. What about the scholarly researches concerning the USSR by Adam Ulam, Wolfgang Leonhard, Leonard Schapiro, Hugh Seton-Watson, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and, earlier, Merle Fainsod and Philip Mosely, long after the Smolensk archive had been exhausted as a research base? And how about the works of Solzhenitsyn and Milovan Djilas, the anti-Stalin speeches of Nikita Khrushchev and his later memoirs, the memoirs of Svetlana Alliluyeva, the early writings of George Kennan? That's quite an archive already.

"Russian leaders after Khrushchev," writes Professor Lindemann, "led by Leonid Brezhnev, have shown themselves to be sober and conservative men." Conservative and sober—Brezhnev, Suslov, Andropov—they who crushed Czechoslovakia in 1968, who imposed martial law on Poland in 1981, who invaded Afghanistan in 1979 and drowned that land in yellow rain, who have rearmed the Soviet Union to a level that threatens all the world—sober and conservative men? In contrast, Britain, says Lindemann, is suffering from "Thatcher's radical remedies" and the Labour Party is unable to profit from "Thatcher's flailings." Nothing sober and conservative about Margaret.

What is so damned depressing about this book is that the author clearly understands the tragedy of the socialist dream in Europe, the illusions and fantasies of the pre-World War II European socialists who were swallowed up by the anti-democratic revolutions in the USSR, Italy, and Germany. Still, he himself won't let go of that dream: "We do not necessarily have to abandon the socialist vision to accept a degree of inequality as both useful and unavoidable." It is sad that knowing as much as he does about European socialism and Communism, Professor Lindemann cannot, in the name I suppose of scholarly neutrality, abandon the Marxist mystification that so endangers our language today. □



Our Country and Our Culture: A Conference of the Committee for the Free World
Edited by Steven C. Munson
The Orwell Press, 131 pp., $3.95, paper

THE MASTERS

JEFFREY HART

This is an important book, a cultural moment; but there is a melancholy aspect to it. Still, first, the good news.

In 1952, the then-important quarterly *Partisan Review* published the results of a symposium among its friends and contributors, many of them prominent intellectuals, called "Our Country and Our Culture." The shocker in this title was the word "our." Alienation was, suddenly, out. The gist of the symposium—though there were variations—was that artists and intellectuals, after a long history of general disgruntlement, were, in the aftermath of World War II, becoming more appreciative of democratic freedoms, of cultural freedom, of art museums and symphonies, and of America.

But—*zingo!*—during the 1960s the old hatred returned. "Artists and intellectuals" felt free to hate Amerika again; it was the return of the repressed; and the 1950s were dismissed as having been "conformist" and "boring."

The present symposium was commissioned not by *Partisan Review* (which can scarcely be said to exist any more) but by the neoconservative Committee for the Free World (unconsciously humorous title), the chairman of which is Midge Decter, a brilliant, admirable, and witty woman, who is the wife of Norman Podhoretz, editor of *Commentary*. He himself is a genuine hero of intellectual clarity and political decency.

This book is full of fine things, not surprising in view of the intelligence of the symposium participants, and it provides some genuine information about where we are now—in the universities, in the media, in politics. In a review of this length, it is impossible to convey the richness of cultural and political perception in this book. But I will try, by way of a few quotations.

From Midge Decter, in her introductory remarks, about the current circumstance of liberalism as culturally diffused: Liberals "move like a herd and speak like a herd, from issue to issue, from attitude to attitude, from fashion to fashion, not as free men and minds but precisely as a crowd."

From Joseph Epstein, editor of *The American Scholar* and accomplished essayist on cultural topics: "In the stories of Ann Beattie there is always time to direct a little kick at Richard Nixon or make a sneering reference to the Pentagon. . . . In John Updike's novels the American middle class can always rely on a good drubbing. . . . What I ask is that they knock off the clichés."

Again from Joseph Epstein, this time on the current state of the American university, with its separatist "studies" faculty based upon a theory of continuing minority oppression: "Such a teacher at my university, for example, has discovered Walt Whitman to be a racist, William Carlos Williams, a sexist. Given time and her talent for discovery, I should not be surprised if she walked into my office one day to announce that Marianne Moore was not quite sound on disarmament." As this quotation tends to indicate, the principal target of attack in this book is the American academy; which, as a prime generator of intellectual illusion and conformity and perhaps the principal enemy of intelligence and genuine achievement we have so far managed to construct, certainly deserves it.

From (although the term is far too narrow) sociologist Robert Nisbet: "Recently, S. Robert Lichter and Stanley Rothman questioned a random sample of students in the Columbia School of Journalism. . . . *The Nation* magazine was placed by a majority among 'reliable sources of political information.' When asked to list major American leaders, the students put Ralph Nader, Gloria Steinem, and Edward Kennedy at the top, with Reagan and the Moral Majority at the very bottom." Mr. Nisbet thinks the Sixties Left has become the present establishment in the academic world, which, after having attacked the universities from without, is now corrupting them from within.

From Joseph Adelson, professor of psychology at Michigan: "I know of one study, focusing on ethnic differences, conducted at one of the truly great uni-

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versities of our nation—not my own, I hasten to say—where the authors have decided to suppress their central findings for fear that they would be 'misunderstood.' What is even more stupefying is that the findings being suppressed are by no rational criteria 'racist'—they point only to different patternings of interests among different ethnic groups."

From Michael A. Ledeen, of Georgetown's Center for Strategic and International Studies: "One of the major mysteries in American culture is why Latin American studies are so atrocious. Latin America is nearby, Spanish is a relatively easy language to learn, travel there is cheap, the food is good . . . Yet we have one of the worst intellectual traditions in Latin American studies that you can imagine." This affects news coverage: "While I was in the State Department for the first year and a half of the Reagan Administration, I read with absolute fascination the press articles about El Salvador, which from time to time contained reports of body counts. These reports were not coming from the government, but from, for example, the *New York Times*, and according to these stories, more people were being killed in various districts, regions, and cities in El Salvador than had lived there in the first place."

From Hilton Kramer, art critic, social commentator, and editor of *The New Criterion*: "And, in one field, at least, that of contemporary poetry, we seem to have achieved the impossible—for not only is there more poetry being published than is being read, but more poetry is being published than is being written." (That is one of two jokes, and it is a good one, that I have been able to identify in this solemn symposium.)

Now for the bad news. Hilton Kramer, in his opening paper, criticizes the 1952 *Partisan Review* symposium for be-

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ing exclusively political in its view of culture, and thus, for example, including no poets, novelists, painters, or musicians. Well, how about this symposium? It is, in fact, relentlessly political. It has a justified quarrel with the destructive cultural trends of the 1960s, but that quarrel seems to have become an exclusive preoccupation. And there are no producing artists here; the participants are mostly academic. Why do we not hear, for example, from John del Vecchio, whose *Thirteenth Valley* may be the best novel written about Vietnam? Why not Daniel Mark Epstein (perhaps our best poet in the thirties age group), or Donald Hall? Or Keith Mano, or Hugh Kenner?

Still, this is an important, and thoroughly admirable, book. It points, really, to a war within the American academy. Its participants are highly intelligent, but the names are pretty predictable. Sometimes it is difficult to tell whether "neoconservatism" is a political movement or a university faction, complete with its own faculty club. □

Fool for Love: F. Scott Fitzgerald
By Scott Donaldson
Congdon & Weed, 262 pp., $16.95

THIS SIDE OF PRINCETON

THOMAS MALLON

F. Scott Fitzgerald's first word was "Up." It's where his mother "wanted him to go," according to Scott Donaldson, his latest biographer. Unfortunately, the socially precarious Fitzgeralds tended to move less relentlessly up than oddly around, remaining in St. Paul, Minnesota, through at least four changes of address, and wandering curiously in and out of the city's Social Register. It was not until he reached Princeton that Scott got a real chance to make something of the social ambitions given him by his mother. While he was there the eating-club system absorbed more of his attention than books, generating what Donaldson calls "a tension between emotional commitment and intellectual disapproval." It would be rather like this with money and women and liquor, too, but Donaldson quite properly doesn't rush on to those attachments until he has given Fitzgerald's college days the inordinate attention Fitzgerald himself gave them all his life. "Like an overeager swain, Fitzgerald repeatedly made a hash of his courtship of his Alma Mater." It is a sad story (Princeton has only recently got over its indifference), but actually a more absorbing one than some of the more corporeal affairs Donaldson describes later. Fitzgerald was reading the alumni magazine when he had the heart attack that killed him.

Princeton is the first of the torments around which Donaldson organizes his book. There were the debts, the drinking (he was a mean drunk), and the women. First, the unresponsive ones. Ginevra King, the model for most of Daisy Buchanan and a number of Fitzgerald's other female characters, once recalled: " 'I'm surprised I remembered to write him . . . I had quite a few other letters to write, because I was engaged to two other people then. That was very easy during the [First World] war because you'd never get caught. It was just covering yourself in case of a loss.' " Later there was Zelda, an "inspired amateur" at painting, dancing, and writing, good enough at the last for her husband to steal some plots and prose from her. And then there was "always someone besides Zelda"; these affairs were usually brief, until Sheilah Graham, "the only woman of humble beginnings he'd ever loved," came along during his last years in Hollywood.

Most of the life is a familiar story. Fitzgerald was the first to market it (in the "Crack-Up" articles), and so many biographers have been over it since that Donaldson, who admits he's an "aftercomer," has written a book that seems derivative even when it isn't. He's done new interviews and read new letters, but we've all sloshed around this story for so long that it doesn't make much of a difference.

The title is atrocious (the phrase comes from Fitzgerald's story "That Kind of Party"), but the book that follows is hardly the schlock the title seems to promise. Donaldson's reading of the novels (especially *Tender Is the Night*) and stories is intelligent; the links he finds between the fiction and the life are well documented; and his writing is almost never embarrassing. When Edmund Wilson's description of Sheilah Graham as " 'a Fitzgerald hero, not a Fitzgerald heroine' " is quoted, the reader may realize that Donaldson has been taking paragraphs to do what Wilson has accomplished in a phrase, but Donaldson does get the job done. As it is, compared to most American literary biography, *Fool for Love* remains positively epigrammatic in its brevity.

DONALDSON'S view of the Hollywood years is not all that dim. On the whole, he feels, Fitzgerald was pulling things together. He had turned from drinking to working by the end, had battened on the tragic view of life, and was, at the time of the heart attack, "as content with himself as he'd ever been." He was even making plans to work on a 12-volume revised edition of his works between 1955 and 1960. (The idea of Fitzgerald walking around in 1960 shouldn't be as startling as it sounds. He could have escorted Mia Farrow to the premiere of the remake of *Gatsby* in 1974 —he wouldn't yet have turned eighty.)

Maybe he could have lived on in the serene stoicism Donaldson sees forming under the California palms. But what would he have done with it? All his best writing came from what he described to John O'Hara (in 1933) as " 'a two-cylinder inferiority complex . . . if I were elected King of Scotland tomor-

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morrow after graduating from Eton, Magdalene to Guards, with an embryonic history which tied me to the Plantagenets, I would still be a parvenu.' " He may have sold his classless American birthright for a mess of Cottage Club dinners, but in his surrender he found his subject. As Donaldson shrewdly points out about Anson Hunter ("The Rich Boy"): "Money confers on him a fatal incapacity for illusion." Fitzgerald held on to the illusions longer than the money, once it came his way. But without the illusions there wouldn't have been the books. □

The Desert Rose
By Larry McMurtry
Simon & Schuster, 254 pp., $14.95

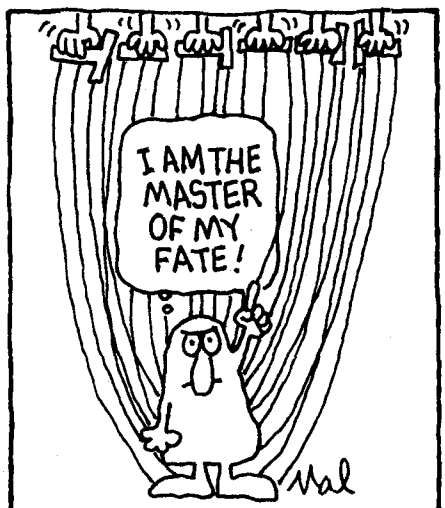
VEGAS DESERTA

D. KEITH MANO

The Desert Rose is so dull, so brain-sphinctering, that I'd rather slug down a Metamucil highball than read it. And, Lawdy, this little polluter takes place in Las Vegas—glamor, high-roll cash, spangled sex, sin, and endless air conditioning—imagine if it were set in uptown Harrisburg or Kankakee. You want to know about life on the Vegas strip, you're better off if you dial 702-555-1212 and ask for just anyone. There are no new perceptions in *Desert Rose*. The central theme is foot-thick smarm. And McMurtry's style—farg! don't get me going on that—his cheapo prose will swindle you up and down. I'm worried that even my rather somewhat unfavorable review may associate me too closely with him.

As for his characters: they're so stock there ought to be a Universal Product Code stuck on each of their foreheads. *Desert Rose* is about chorus-girl life. Aging Harmony and Jessie dance topless —and I mean from the neck up. But you just know that McMurtry thinks this his major contribution to realist literature. They-are-so-dumb-and-inarticulate-they-must-be-you-know-*real*. Now or then, to make *Desert Rose* sound charming and whimsical, he will endow his people with some eccentric trait. Well, a pet anyhow: peacock or goat or manic-depressive poodle. This inexpensive caricature work is meant to pass for humanism and earthiness. But you'll find no emotional matching funds. A chicken frankfurter may not be the genuine item, but at least they put chicken in it.

Of course McMurtry can get away with this calamine-lotion performance because he is writing about Women Who Get Used Up by the Male System. Perforce they've been in more beds than Bernadette Castro. Harmony, his leading woman, will remain simple and optimistic despite what men do: fire her, leave her, mock her, rob her. Pepper, Harmony's teen child, will wed a rich older man she doesn't love. But they're all so *heroic*. Why, Harmony can still appreciate a Nevada sunset. To quote blurb text: "Larry McMurtry novels are set in the



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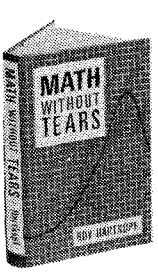

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST NOVEMBER TITLES: In *Girls and Boys: The Limits of Nonsexist Child Rearing* (Scribner's, $12.95), Sara Bonnett Stein argues that "The bold experiment to raise nonsexist children is not working." Children, she holds, possess an inborn sex orientation that parental and social pressures can do very little to alter. ". . . We really do not know," she warns, "the outcome of child-rearing experiments that grew from the early years of feminism."

Forster: Vol. I: 1879-1920 (Belknap/Harvard, $20), edited by Mary Lago and P. N. Furbank, is the first of two volumes of letters written by the novelist, covering his boyhood and university years, and his most productive period as a fiction writer.

Oswald George Bauer's *Richard Wagner: The Stage Designs and Productions from the Premieres to the Present* (Rizzoli, $50 to December 31; $60 thereafter), with a preface by Wolfgang Wagner, provides a lavishly illustrated compendium of the productions of Wagner's 13 operas (*Die Feen* to *Parsifal*), as well as of contemporary reactions to Wagner's *Gesamtkunstwerk*.

■ SOME DECEMBER TITLES: *Truth Imagined* (Harper & Row, $10), by Eric Hoffer, is a posthumously published memoir by a social critic and philosopher, reader, and wanderer who remained all his life fascinated by "the unique role of the misfit in human affairs"—a role that also was ineluctably, and proudly, his own.

Nora Stirling's *Pearl Buck: A Woman in Conflict* (New Century, $17.95) is a solid biography of the novelist, who derived her subject—China and the Chinese—from her background as daughter to one Christian missionary and wife to another.

■ COMING IN JANUARY: In *The Unraveling of America: A History of Liberalism in the 1960s* (Harper & Row, $22.95), Allen J. Matusow, a liberal historian, assesses the failures of American liberalism in its heyday. —CW

American heartland, but his real territory is the heart." Uh-huh: that's the real territory for a fat, fatal embolism, too.

But I could forgive supersaturated sentiment: it's fraud and distortion that jam my slide whistle. *Desert Rose* will impose on your sympathy until truth has taken a standing eight count. Just for instance: chorus girl, Jessie, is left crippled and careerless by an onstage accident. Obvious and gross negligence. A major lawsuit, figure $250,000 at least, never mind punitive. But not in McMurtryville, where the loser must forever lose. (Hell, disaster has more social significance.) Jessie, ankle-shattered and broke, has to move in with an old lady and the old lady's goat. Never mind that lawsuit, never mind intelligent people around her, no one will even mention workman's (workperson's) compensation. This sort of pathetic indulgence can stifle *Desert Rose* like a rotten caul.

With McMurtry, furthermore, dumb is also convenient. You don't have to write fast-uptake dialogue for simple women. And since his descriptive prose is an irresponsible, neutered combination of first- and third-person, the whole shiftless 254-page project must've taken at least one long weekend to write. *Desert Rose* is told either from a Harmony POV or from a Pepper POV (though, as far as diction or rhythm might pertain, they are one uninflected voice). Total vocabulary, not including the usual -ed and -ing variations, can't be more than 315 words. You hear "weird" and "yuk" and "or something" (that is: McMurtry can't think of another image) over and over again. For self-abusive fun I tried to count all the definitelys ("definitely" meant as a colloquial intensifier). I gave up at 134—in the *prose*, not in the dialogue.

It is, shall we say, kind of difficult to separate Pepper and Harmony and Author as discrete intelligences.

> . . . What she would have liked was maybe to hit a disco, but it was hard to imagine Mel wanting to do that, in fact it was hard to imagine him going out of his house at all, it was definitely his world.
>
> Then, to show what a perceptive man he was, he cocked his head at her and said, Pepper, would you like to dance?

Who is talking here? Is it two second-rate minds or one? We know who said "definitely" (again). Pepper said it. But —"to show what a perceptive man he was"—the author also will intrude at a whim and without license. McMurtry, shall we say, cheats. The narrative is neither first-person (which might require some decent sense of voice), nor third-person (which might require LM to express an intelligent opinion on his own). What we have is just the sort of fiction they invented word processors for.

I just read this press release. According to S&S there is a deluxe edition of *The Desert Rose* available for $75. Maybe McMurtry tries harder in that one. Me, I can't afford to find out. □

FILM

POLITICAL FILMS, PART ONE

JOHN SIMON

Suddenly there is a spate of political films out, but it is too early to tell whether they constitute a trend or an aberration, and whether Hollywood will quickly revert to sex, farce, and violence, i.e., business as usual. Political films from Europe, however, are nothing new, and so we might as well get Andrzej Wajda's *Danton* out of the way first.

Wajda is now a political exile in the West, and though this film was made as a Franco-Polish co-production, it may never be shown in Poland, where it would have a greater effect than anywhere else. Based on a play by a Polish woman playwright, the film remains rather stagy; moreover, when there is a masterpiece on the subject, Georg Büchner's *Danton's Death*, why bother with this? Wajda has denied that the film is a *pièce à clef*, with Danton standing for Lech Walesa and Robespierre for General Jaruzelski. He does, however, concede that Danton and his followers, played in the film by French actors, are the West, whereas Robespierre and his faction, played by Poles, represent the East. Be that as it may, *Danton*, whose actual screenplay is by the ubiquitous Jean-Claude Carrière, strikes me as a respectable bore.

There was, evidently, not enough money for a huge historical canvas, and a film about revolution may, by defini-

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tion, find it hard to thrive without crowd scenes. Oddly enough, even the available Paris exteriors were used all too sparingly, but that may be because architecture is, generally speaking, less enduring than history. The main problem, though, may well have been Wajda's fear of pushing parallels too far; if Danton, for instance, had been shown warts and all (and some warts do remain, but the real Danton was, at times, a veritable wart hog), this might have reflected badly on Walesa. So, by picking a gingerly path among elements of historical fact, the play by Stanislawa Przybyszewska, and current political allusions both national and international, the film emerges as not enough of anything.

Wajda has further confused the issue by not clearly identifying, let alone developing, some of the important supporting characters, with the result that I for one spent much time trying to figure out who was who, and whether he was a Girondist, Jacobin, or whatever, so that by concentrating on filling in the film's considerable gaps, I may have paid insufficient heed to its less considerable achievements.

Gérard Depardieu, who was so good in *Martin Guerre*, looks dreadful and gives a dimensionless performance as Danton. Yet a script that allows him, by way of displaying his celebrated hedonism, only the sticking of his fingers into various gourmet dishes with which he vainly tempts Robespierre does not permit the conveying of a full-bodied sensualist and makes even Robespierre less incorruptible than merely hygienic. Wojciech Pszoniak does not look like my idea of Robespierre, although he makes a valiant effort to temper fanaticism with humanity; but then there is also the whole nasty business of dubbing. It is annoying enough when one or two international stars are outfitted with alien voices—though some stars are actually improved by this type of ventriloquism—but when over half the cast is acting on borrowed sound I begin to suffer from a sense of histrionic *dépaysement.*

There are moments in *Danton* that are almost foolproof—tumbrels and guillotines and bloodthirsty crowds, even on modest budgets, can never quite miss the mark—but the whole film suffers from an overdose of the theoretical, while the human element feebly scrapes away at the second fiddle. Something is definitely amiss when so colorful and major a character as Camille Desmoulins (played

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by the famous, or infamous, director Patrice Chéreau) comes across as less interesting than the much more marginal Fourquier Tinville (played by the famous director Roger Planchon, who, however, is a better actor). It may also be that Wajda, whose movies made outside Poland—e.g., the TV film made from Conrad's *The Shadow Line*—have been less successful than those made on native ground, has yet to make a necessary transition. I hope he does, for he is a filmmaker of proven talent.

NOT MUCH can be said for Costa-Gavras's *Hanna K.*, except perhaps that it is of spectacular ineptness. The director and his frequent scenarist, the less than brilliant Franco Solinas, have tried to tell a story that would state the case for the Palestinians, which is fair enough, but easier conceived than executed. For it is virtually impossible to be sympathetic to the Palestinians (and thus, if only by implication, the PLO) if you are shooting your film in Israel with some obligation to the government, and shooting with Hollywood capital, so much of which is in pro-Israeli hands. When you add that Costa-Gavras, although he knows how to handle crowd scenes and can manage suspense well enough, is, to put it mildly, no intellectual giant, and better when able to stick close to some historical event than when inventing a plot from whole cloth, it's small wonder that *Hanna K.*, with its pretentiously Kafkaesque title, is a mess.

Jill Clayburgh plays Hanna Kaufman, a Jewish-American woman who has lived in France long enough to marry Victor, a French businessman, who, though they have divorced, flies over to Israel at her least beckoning. For she has moved there, studied law, and become a lawyer, as well as the lover of Joshua Herzog, a dour district attorney, whose child she is about to bear. The court appoints her to defend against her lover a young Palestinian, Selim, who has illegally entered the country and is suspected of belonging to a terrorist gang, though he seems only to be trying to regain his fine ancestral house, which the Israelis have turned into a tourist attraction. As if all this weren't preposterous enough—can Selim really believe that he can simply reclaim what is now a museum?—Hanna's splendid defense gets Selim off, and he is gently deported to Jordan. But he sneaks in again, and again it is Joshua against Hanna, only this time it's a *cause célèbre*, and, to avoid international embarrassment, Israel proposes to deport Selim, after a token detention, to South Africa, where it can be arranged for him to get a passport and so return legitimately to claim his family house.

This queers Israel by putting it in cahoots with the hated South African regime. Meanwhile Selim has gone on a hunger strike and is released on Hanna's recognizance. She has given birth to Joshua's son, David, but refuses to marry the father. We are shown the circumcision ceremony in gory close-up and bizarre detail, which indeed looks barbarous, and is clearly dragged in as yet another irrelevant anti-Israel dig. Hanna eventually promotes Selim to her bed partner and surrogate father to David, whom he calls Omar.

By this time the film has become totally inscrutable as Hanna clandestinely trails Selim around various haunts of his, where his activities are left unclear. Hanna gives an odd dinner party for her three main men, past and present, where she tosses the baby like a football at Joshua and where the TV announces a terrorist raid (about which Joshua was previously informed) that seems to implicate Selim, merely because Hanna cannot vouch for his exact whereabouts at that time. Joshua orders Selim out of the house; in a particularly cheap shot (in both senses of the word) Selim hugs the baby as if to use it as a human shield, but actually to bid it a loving farewell. Joshua leaves shortly after. Is he setting Selim up, or will he himself settle his hash, or is he letting him escape? Hanna now dismisses Victor, too, and soon the doorbell rings violently. She opens it to confront what looks like the entire Israeli army, tanks and all, heavy weapons at the ready. Are they after Selim? Or after her? And why in such force? As the film ends abruptly with this image, who knows? And who cares?

Under the circumstances of the film's making, no side could be made too obviously heroic or villainous. Innocence and guilt—even simple outcome—had to be left to the eye of the beholder. The result is perfect chaos, and, what with the star, Miss Clayburgh, being given by far the most attention, the movie finally looks more like something to be called *The Three Loves of Hanna Kaufman*, and forget about politics, forget about logical plot, forget even about Franz Kafka.

All this makes still less sense because Miss Clayburgh has lost most of her looks and was never that good an actress; especially irritating is the way her voice lopes or sashays across her dialogue. Gabriel Byrne, an Irish actor, is most convincing as Joshua, and Jean Yanne and Mohamed Bakri do what they can with the two other men. Even linguistically the film is a fiasco: One never knows whether the English spoken in a wide variety of often impenetrable accents is meant to be English or Hebrew; it usually doesn't make sense either way. The film works only as a tourist poster for Israel, handsomely shot by Ricardo Aronovich. But it only makes Israel a nice place to photograph, not to visit, never mind live in. □

M. IAN

DELECTATIONS

HOLIDAY LITE

NIKA HAZELTON

A short time ago I shocked a well-known food writer who had asked me for my favorite recipe for Christmas goose by telling her that I had no such recipe. Why? Because I hate eating goose, let alone cooking it, and do it only when I have to, for a cookbook or because a friend (who has to be very dear indeed) asks me to.

I have often wondered how many people really enjoy eating those ceremonial meals, such as Christmas goose or Thanksgiving turkey served with all the traditional trimmings. For sentimental reasons, I like turkey once a year, at Thanksgiving, but I certainly don't like the gorging that goes with it. I hasten to say that I think tradition must be observed in the basic composition of the meal, but is it really necessary to have white and sweet potatoes, creamed onions, a green vegetable, a salad, cranberry sauce, and other accoutrements all

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struggling for position on one's plate, which ends up looking and tasting like a mess? And then there are the inevitable leftovers, bits and pieces to eat for days and days, and finally that abomination, liquid turkey, known as turkey soup.

Being against the Thanksgiving and Christmas groaning boards makes me sound as if I were against motherhood, the police, and honesty, three things I am very much for. All I wish to suggest is that one ascertain whether one's guests will really be gorgers. If so, fine; if they really want to eat three meals in one, by all means let them. But if not, then vast quantities of food should not be wasted on them. The smaller eaters may even prefer a vastly simplified meal, consisting of the ceremonial bird—without which it would not be a traditional meal—accompanied by some baked squash and preceded by either a salad or a simple soup. This is the dinner with which I have been successful for many years and for which I give a couple of recipes below. And if you serve pie, don't be broken-hearted when your guests don't eat the crust. Pie crust is needlessly fattening and very seldom worth the calories. Alas, the days are no more when a woman's crowning glory was not only her hair but her pie crust.

Annetta's Soup

Easy and light, good as a first course for a substantial meal.

6 cups chicken or beef bouillon
2 tablespoons butter
1/3 cup uncooked rice
1 cup finely chopped parsley
1/3 cup thinly sliced mushrooms
1/2 to 1 cup shelled fresh or frozen peas
Salt
Freshly ground pepper
Freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Bring bouillon to the boiling point and add butter. Turn heat down as low as possible. Add rice, parsley, mushrooms, and peas. Simmer, covered, stirring occasionally, for 30 minutes or until the rice is very tender, although longer cooking improves the flavor of the soup. Check the seasoning, and, if necessary, add salt

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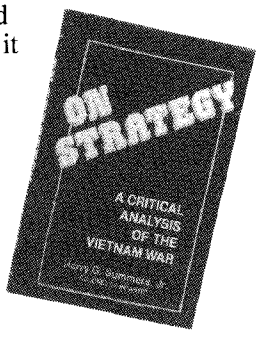

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and pepper to taste. Serve in heated bowls or soup plates, with grated Parmesan on the side. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Curly Endive, Corn, and Sweet Pepper Salad

Use this as a first course for a substantial meal and you don't have to bother with salad, plate changing, etc.

1 head curly endive
1 1/2 cups canned, frozen, or fresh corn kernels, cooked and drained
1 large or 2 small sweet bell peppers, preferably red

For the dressing:

1 medium shallot, minced
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
Juice of 1/2 large lemon
1/2 cup plain yogurt
1 tablespoon olive oil

Trim endive and tear into bite-sized pieces. Wash thoroughly in several changes of water and drain well. Wrap in a clean kitchen towel and refrigerate until serving time. Place corn in a small bowl; cover, and refrigerate until serving time. Wash and trim the pepper and cut into julienne strips. Wrap in paper towel and refrigerate until serving time.

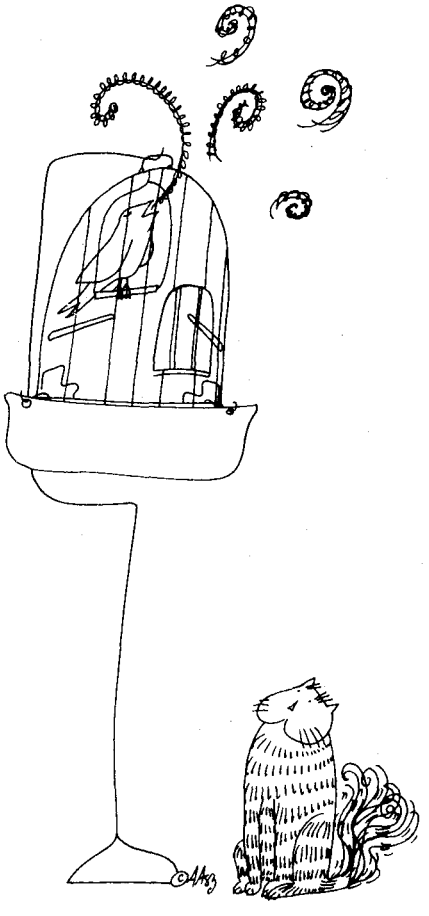
To make the dressing, combine all the ingredients in a small bowl and mix thoroughly. Test for seasoning and consistency, which should be that of heavy cream. If necessary, add an additional spoonful or two of plain yogurt. Cover the bowl with plastic wrap and refrigerate until serving time. Then, place endive in a serving bowl. Sprinkle the corn over and top with pepper strips. Mix the dressing once more and pour over the salad. Toss at the table. Makes 4 to 6 servings. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession, *by Janet Malcolm (Knopf, 174 pp., $9.95).* Of the nearly four thousand authentic Freudian analysts (counting trainees) in the United States, about two dozen have offices on Fifth Avenue at 96th Street in Manhattan. Janet Malcolm, a *New Yorker* staff writer, has published a slender but revealing book about one of these two dozen "kosher" analysts: a 46-year-old man whom she calls Aaron Green. In the course of telling us about Dr. Green and his unswerving commitment to the austere orthodoxies of classical analysis, Miss Malcolm also provides a thoughtful historical look at the ongoing development of the Gospel according to Freud. Her perspective is apparently admiring (at one point, she refers to Dr. Green as "remarkable and lovable"), but her eye is cold enough to remind us that " 'proof' of the efficacy of psychoanalytic cure has yet to be established" and to extract from Dr. Green the confession that he has yet to successfully "terminate" a patient in over a decade of analytic practice. This excellent book derives from a *New Yorker* profile; it may do for Sigmund Freud what an even more "admiring" *New Yorker* profile by Lillian Ross once did for Ernest Hemingway.

TERRY TEACHOUT

The Great American Misfit, *by William Bramhall (Clarkson N. Potter, 78 pp., $7.95).* Consider William Walker, who ever since his boyhood in Tennessee dreamed of being a Latin American dictator. He succeeded in Nicaragua in 1855, but then overstepped the bounds when he made a move to appropriate Cornelius Vanderbilt's Accessory Transit Co. The Commodore sent a private army to depose Walker and bring him back to New Orleans. And what of Wilbur Glenn Voliva, general overseer of Zion, a fundamentalist community north of Chicago, who in 1926 offered a $5,000 reward to anyone who could disprove his theory that the earth was shaped like a pie pan? Or how about Brigadier General Herbert C. Holdridge, a political fabulist who once requested J. Edgar Hoover to arrest the "clearly insane" John F. Kennedy for being in league with the Pope? Then there is Sarah Winchester, the heiress who believed she was haunted by the ghosts of those killed by the gun. She went to a mystic, who advised her the spirits would not hurt her if she built a home for them. So she did, spending 38 years building a 160-room mansion in California. And everyone knows Chick Gandil, the Chicago White Sox first baseman instrumental in throwing the 1919 World Series, whose special pleasure was dropping furniture out of hotel windows. Such interesting people! Among the other characters enshrined here are General Custer, the miserly Hetty Green, James A. Harden-Hickey (author of a book advocating suicide), Alfalfa Bill Murray, Warren G. Harding, and Joe Pyne, "television bully." This is Americana at its finest, and a splendid effort by author and illustrator William Bramhall. JOE MYSAK



The Unexpected Vista: *A Physicist's View of Nature, by James S. Trefil (Scribner's, 209 pp., $14.95).* Most of what a literate person should know about physics is contained in this book. Mr. Trefil has written a chatty course in physics for the nonscientist, which, using examples, analogies, and some equations, presents and explains the tenets of physics at its current state of development. Mr. Trefil treats the reader well: A wide range of subjects is covered, none too deeply, and few grazed over; and a reasonable level—neither too high nor too low—of prior knowledge and scientific ability is expected. Unfortunately, Mr. Trefil's method of instruction tends toward self-indulgence, over-zealousness, and even coyness, occasionally trying the reader's patience. One such chapter, devoted to the strength of materials, uses as its primary illustrative example the construction of a hypothetical giant: ". . . scaling up a 6-foot human being to 30 feet would involve an increase in pressure on the bones of a factor of 5. Human bones have a safety factor of about 150. . . . a simple scaling up of the dimensions of an ordinary human being just won't do. . . . [To scale up the mass while keeping the same safety factor requires redesigning the proportions.] The giant would have to be 9 feet tall, 8 feet from front to back, and 16 feet wide!" (A generous editor would have struck that exclamation mark.) In general, however, what is undisciplined in this book actually improves it. Conjectures on the future tease the imagination. Information about existing research facilities reveals that the scientific community in this country continues to flourish. Many of the examples used are memorable because of their sheer fancy; because they are also apt, they are effective. Mr. Trefil is humble, and so rises above the level of the "popular science" writer. GAY BEHENSKY

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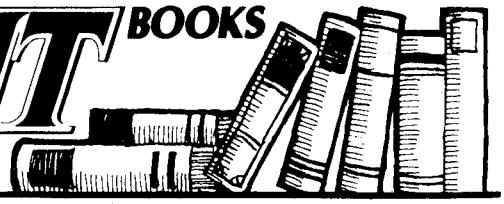


CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

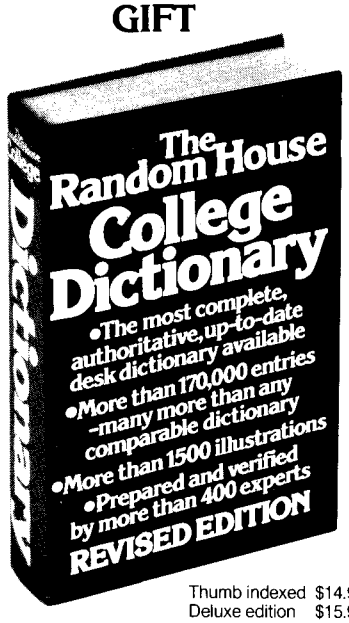
In Tanzania a vociferous band of activists is currently waging a campaign for the recognition of breast feeding as a distinctively Tanzanian custom, as circumcision was for the ancient Jews or burning bras for modern American feminists. At UNICEF, the World Health Organization (WHO), the Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility (ICCR), *Ms.* magazine, and the U.S. Congress, they believe that "breast is best" and that infant formulas are a sort of poisonous draught concocted and marketed by multinational food corporations in their unremitting effort to dominate international economies and infect the world with the carcinogenic cells of capitalism and technology. Around this controversy has swirled, over the past decade, a flood of indignation, misinformation, and blurry blueprints for a world reordered that is comparable, almost, to the flood that in Marx's heyday churned behind the forbidding portals of the British Museum. *Out of the Mouths of Babes: The Infant Formula Controversy* (Social Philosophy and Policy Center, Bowling Green State University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403; $6.95), by Fred D. Miller Jr., is an evenhanded study that does not shrink from choosing sides in its conclusion.

The infant-formula controversy goes back to the late Forties; among the first critics were Derrick B. Jelliffe—currently professor of Public Health at UCLA, formerly director of the Caribbean Food and Nutrition Institute in Jamaica—and his wife, Patrice, who charged that unscrupulous practices were responsible for a million infant deaths a year. In 1974 Mike Muller published *The Baby Killers*, which blamed high infant mortality in Chile on the multinationals; the Consumers Union sponsored a sympathetic report, as did the Program in International Nutrition at Cornell; and in 1978 Bill Moyers made a documentary for CBS purporting to be an exposé of unethical company practices. Stealing a leaf from the ICCR's 1974 action taken in affiliation with the World Council of Churches, the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations abetted numerous shareholder resolutions filed against the corporations that led, indirectly but cumulatively, to a boycott of Nestlé; to a 118 to 1 vote at the World Health Organization's annual meeting (the sole dissenter being the U.S.) in favor of adopting an International Code of Marketing of Breast Milk Substitutes, stringently curtailing corporate efforts to advertise and market infant formulas overseas; and, in 1981, to a joint resolution by Congress entitled Support of Implementation of WHO Voluntary Code on Infant Formula. The roster of sympathizers includes Ralph Nader, César Chavez, Gloria Steinem, Dr. Benjamin Spock, and Edward Kennedy.

The case against infant formula rests on arguments that mothers in developing countries cannot be presumed to possess the sophistication to mix and administer the powder accurately or hygienically; that they cannot "afford" the luxury of a substitute; and that the commercially produced stuff is in any case a "false need," which the hidden persuaders of capitalist advertising have conned uneducated women into accepting as real. In all this, not a word is said about the common malnutrition of such mothers, although American women are currently being advised that breast-feeding is a fine way to lose weight after pregnancy, expending two thousand calories a day—two thousand calories perhaps that women in backward countries do not have to begin with. Also it is odd to find people like Miss Steinem arguing that women should not be encouraged to buy breast-milk substitutes, which would permit them to leave home to find jobs.

As for Miller's conclusions, they are scarcely overbearing. "Mothers," he says, "should have the opportunity to use infant formula, and producers should have the freedom to market it. It should be stressed, however, that the thesis of this work is that parents in developing countries should have the freedom to consider the option of formula-feeding. It does not contend that bottle-feeding . . . is the best solution in most cases." □

THE Smart GIFT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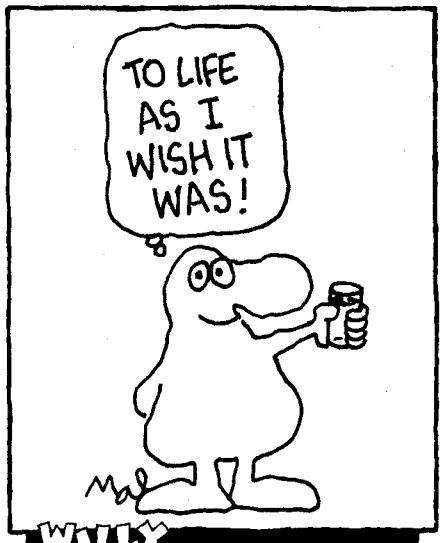

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PAT O'BRIEN:

The Wind at My Back

A rabbi and his friend, a young priest, and myself were attending the fights at Madison Square Garden. As one of the bruisers left his corner, he made the sign of the cross. The rabbi turned to the priest: "Will that help him?" The priest winked at me. "Only if he can fight."

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Missing the Point of Grenada

On The Right

New York, Nov. 7—There is an upwardly mobile cliché going the rounds, to wit, that we should not resort to force except as the last resort.

The trouble with that doctrine, if strictly applied, is that it can lead to a call for action at a moment when the objective has become very nearly impregnable. At that point either you proceed or you do not proceed. If you do, the cost can be very great. If you do not, then you end up accepting that which you began by assuming unacceptable.

Consider, for instance, Cuba. It is, quite simply, the one great strategic foothold of the Soviet enterprise in this hemisphere. It is a seven-hundred-mile-long staging base for Soviet operations in Latin America. But for Cuba there would not now be the problem of Nicaragua, let alone Grenada. So when does it become relevant to take Cuba out by force? Twenty-two years ago we made a halfhearted attempt to move, and even then it was too late. Too late for the effort we were willing to put into it. To take out Cuba today, a senior military strategist reports, "would be on the order of taking out Okinawa in World War II." Assuming, of course, no nuclear interference.

THE *New York Times*, which would have argued against using force to take Bunker Hill, expresses its dismay over the rationale for moving against Cuban-dominated Grenada by saying, "What, in any case, could Cubans have done from Grenada that they cannot do better from Cuba?" Quite apart from the military fatuity of the observation ("What, in any case, can Americans do from Guantánamo that they cannot do better from Miami?" "What, in any case, can Russians do from Afghanistan that they cannot do better from Russia?"), what is precisely left unanswered is, What are we going to do about *Cuba*? Unanswered because the answer is unanimously affirmed. What we are going to do about Cuba is nothing. Why? Because we waited until a resort to force would have required too much of it; and when that happens, the will to use force has a way of atrophying.

Notice also that critics of the Grenada operation are telling us that there was no indication that our students in Grenada were going to be detained. Well, there was no indication that our embassy staff in Iran was going to be detained. The suggestion that the detention of American citizens was a step General Austin was too civilized to resort to requires us to say that the same man who shot in cold blood his predecessor and most of the members of his cabinet would have been too squeamish to take five hundred Americans hostage. Thanks; but most of us prefer a Commander-in-Chief who doesn't run risks of that sort. We know that there were arms enough in Grenada to equip five divisions. Those arms were presumably designed to aim at people other than the Cubans who brought them in.

Why are they so appalled when the United States makes an intelligent move on the world scene? Would you believe the Harvard Law professors who cabled the White House their protest against the rescue operation on the grounds that "it seems one more incident in the history of American suppression of progressive movements"? You tell me that it is progressive to stage a military coup, imprison, torture, and execute the opposition, and turn the island into an armed fortress, and I'll send you to Harvard to teach law.

If we reflect on it, it is discouraging that so many voices are raised to say the most irrelevant things. Rather like asking whether the lifeguard who rescued the drowning swimmer was correctly attired. Yes, it is true that on the whole we want the press to cover our military operations. Yes, it is true that there is a presumption against the landing of the Marines to straighten out local messes. Yes, it is true that our students were not yet hostages. But surely the salient point is that with minimum loss of life we have rescued a little island in the Caribbean from a monstrous tyranny whose script was being written in Moscow and Havana, that we obliged that island's neighbors, who were obviously targeted for subversion, and that we have the manifest gratitude not only of the American students, but of the population of Grenada. Isn't that, really, the point? □

YOU CALL THIS CENSORSHIP?

New York, Nov. 4—It is hard to remember when last hysteria was so rampant. John Chancellor all but dropped his pipe last Wednesday, deploring the absence of television cameras in Grenada. William Safire writes as if we had launched an amphibious operation against Israel. Anthony Lewis wonders, in great big headlines, "What Was He Hiding?" He being Mr. Reagan, what he was hiding being the purity of the Cubans-Grenadians.

Senator Lowell Weicker (R., Conn.) managed three sentences one might have expected to hear in Hiroshima sixty seconds before the bomb fell. "The President is in violation of the terms of that treaty of the Organization of American States. The President is in violation of the War Powers Act on Grenada. The President is in violation of the Constitution of the United States as far as freedom of the press is concerned." I would forgive all three if I could toss in that the President is in violation of Lowell Weicker.

There are two questions before the house. The first of these is: Was it prudent for the White House to bar the press early on in the Grenadian campaign? The second question is: Was it constitutionally infamous to bar the press early on in the Grenadian campaign?

Here is a reconstruction, as reported to me:

Day One. No press permitted. Total priority given to the military opera-

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tion, pending the success of the rescue mission.

Day Two. A pool of reporters admitted, under military supervision.

Day Three. Fifteen reporters admitted, under military supervision.

Day Four. Thirty reporters admitted, again under military supervision.

Day Five. Sixty reporters admitted, no longer under military supervision.

Day Six. Seventy-five reporters admitted in the first shift, free to go anywhere. Seventy reporters in the second shift, free to go anywhere. Thirty are still in Barbados, and are being offered military transportation to the area.

Was it a good idea to keep the press away during the first day? It would appear to me that there are two reasonable positions on the question. The first one would have press representatives saying: The safety of our reporters is our problem, not the Pentagon's, and if we choose to risk their lives that's our business, not theirs. The second would have the Pentagon people saying: Look, that's all very well, but it is in the nature of things that our military would seek to provide protection for the press, and we simply do not want that kind of distraction. Both points of view are defensible. They do not draw a line between those who favor and those who oppose the First Amendment to the Constitution.

Next question: What might have been the ulterior motives in the Pentagon's refusal to permit reporters other than under military supervision during the three ensuing days? Well, let's think. Maybe after our Marines landed they discovered that, in fact, the whole Cuban detachment in Grenada was engaged in making Band-Aids for the Third World, and it would have been terribly embarrassing to have invaded a country whose visitors were so innocently engaged.

BUT IF that was the reason for keeping the press under supervision, the Marines had an awful lot to do during the three days before the press was free to spread out and do its investigative reporting. Surely if the Cubans had been innocently engaged in Grenada, and the ammunition and arms already "discovered" —enough, in the opinion of one Pentagon spokesman, to equip every man, woman, and child with a deadly weapon—at least one Deep Throat in Grenada would have whispered to someone from the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, AP, UPI, ABC, NBC, and CBS that the Pentagon had staged the biggest theatrical hoax in modern history?

Is France a free country? I'd say so, by and large. Though when de Gaulle had his press conferences, the reporters were told what questions to ask; and when he felt it necessary to do so, de Gaulle simply shut down the whole of French television. Great Britain free? Yeah, on the whole. In the Falklands expedition Britain had reporters there, but they were kept more or less locked up in the ships.

The final point. I think it was a mistake for the Pentagon to forbid reporters. That is a long way off from becoming apocalyptic about its having come to a different conclusion. □

GRENADA TALK

New York, Nov. 2—The professional bemoaners were hit hard by the rapturous gratitude of the medical students who have made it back from Grenada. It is possible that we will in the days (or hours) to come get hold of concrete evidence of what it was that the good general in Grenada had in mind to do to our medical students. There is certainly reason to imagine, and some reason to believe, that one or more friends of Castro had dropped a hint to the Grenadian military that if they took our students hostage, it would not be one bit obvious what the United States Marines could do about it, not without endangering the students' lives. The Ayatollah in Iran gave a quite resonant lesson in how to handle the United States. Requirements: One hundred or so U.S. hostages.

And we have the word of the governor general of Grenada that he was being illegally held in detention; and that indeed he had solicited American intervention. It remains to be explained how it is that Great Britain's representative in the United Nations, who serves the same Queen as the governor general in Grenada, should have abstained when the United States was held up to censure for what we did in Grenada. (See also "Letter from London," p. 1476.) Then there is France, which voted against us. France believes in armed intervention by America only when that intervention is in France to rescue France from occupation by other powers.

Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick, as usual, performed in the United Nations with high style, defending the intervention by America and the seven Caribbean powers by reasoning at once traditional and compelling. It is difficult to recall the Augustan Age of Daniel Patrick Moynihan when he was in the UN, an institution about which he wrote and spoke so eloquently. In those days he sounded like Churchill. Today he sounds like Olof Palme. If in 1975, back when Moynihan was ripping the veil off UN hypocrisy, someone had predicted that a few years later he would denounce a pre-emptive strike against a little Communist satellite —which was arming itself to agitate the eastern end of the Caribbean basin as Nicaragua does the western end—as "an act of war," Moynihan's supporters would have thought the accuser mad. "I don't know," said Senator Moynihan, "that you restore democracy at the point of a bayonet." One takes it that our scholar-statesman has forgotten how we brought democracy back to Germany and to Japan, notwithstanding that these were military enterprises in which he figured. Ah well, someone said the other day, "I guess Dorian Gray is running for national office." Perhaps so, but sensible advisors should tell him that the way to run against Walter Mondale isn't to occupy a position that makes Mondale sound like Barry Goldwater.

The hectic activity in the UN, in which Mrs. Kirkpatrick figured so energetically, finally distracted attention from the business of Watt-Clark-McFarlane-Shultz-Baker-Deaver-Kirkpatrick. The going thesis was that Mrs. Kirkpatrick was competing for the job Judge Clark vacated. There is no doubting that there were admirers who wanted her to have that job. This was not a reflection on McFarlane, rather a vote of confidence in Jeane Kirkpatrick. But she never thundered threats at the President dramatically to resign if she didn't get the job. In the first place, that isn't how to get a job from Ronald Reagan. In the second place, Mrs. Kirkpatrick does not behave that way. For the record, for those who care, Mrs. Kirkpatrick was on a single occasion asked whether, assuming the job were vacated, she would take it if offered, and she replied that she "might." No doubt she would have. They speak of the fatigue of Judge Clark. One can only imagine the fatigue of Ambassador Kirkpatrick. She needs to fight not only the Third World, and such allies as France and Great Britain. She has also to contend with those on the domestic scene who will settle for nothing less than depicting her as a war-hungry harridan who wants to edge nearer and nearer to the football, as they call the President's nuclear black box.

There will be much to reflect on in the next few days. The military expedition into Grenada was an act of resolution and high statesmanship. The vote by the Security Council of the United Nations is yet one more of those self-discrediting acts that serve to remind us how useless the body is. The vote of our allies calls into question the moral architecture of the Western Alliance: Are we or are we not in the business of stopping Communist imperialism? And we have evidence that whatever the complexion of the White House, it is capable of decisive action. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A major-league outfielder, 1949-56 — 33 151 76 54 88 107

B. Indicating assent without speaking — 60 161 12 114 44 104 73

C. The study of birds — 87 11 72 103 121 110 37 34 164 56 63

D. One who sells daily publications — 97 39 64 109 127 148 55

E. A Hebrew academy — 128 65 106 24 13 74 92

F. Long-tailed parrots — 53 100 145 118 78 125

G. Where the undecided voter sits (3 words) — 57 4 32 20 25 138 146 115 135 152

H. Unsuitable — 112 144 1 137 82 134 14 162

I. Equipped with personnel — 19 23 28 9 123 35 98

J. The capital of Western Australia — 101 68 66 48 58

K. Resembling a certain bird of prey — 122 117 40 71 126 130

L. Halves of quarters — 131 141 61 95 84 49 150

M. These fowls are scarce after Thanksgiving — 15 59 157 5 50 16 166

N. The Egyptian god of wisdom — 163 85 111 120 99

O. A Canadian-born outfielder, 1936-49 — 2 21 31 36 43

P. Competitors in sports — 69 116 86 41 67 129 75 132

Q. Something new — 119 160 155 79 45 70 26

R. A National League infielder, 1912, 1916, 1921-24 — 136 89 81 93 105 27 143 51

S. An aquarium in Chicago — 52 90 139 17 149

T. What we should show at Thanksgiving as well as afterward — 147 62 96 94 18 133 124 142 91

U. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, et al. (2 words) — 83 29 77 113 153 3 6 165 156

V. A, E, I, O, U, or Y — 140 7 42 30 80

W. The start of a life sentence (2 words) — 108 8 47

X. Sign a 90-day one if you want to have a short winter — 154 10 38 46

Y. Swindles — 159 158 102 22

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1502 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 H	2 O	3 U	4 G	5 M		6 U	7 V	8 W		9 I	10 X	11 C		12 B	13 E
14 H	15 M	16 M		17 S	18 T	19 I	20 G	21 O	22 Y		23 I	24 E	25 G	26 Q		27 R	28 I
29 U	30 V		31 O		32 G	33 A	34 C	35 I		36 O	37 C		38 X	39 D	40 K	41 P	
42 V	43 O	44 B	45 Q	46 X		47 W	48 J	49 L	50 M	51 R	52 S		53 F	54 A	55 D		56 C
57 G		58 J	59 M	60 B	61 L	62 T	63 C		64 D	65 E	66 J	67 P		68 J	69 P	70 Q	71 K
72 C	73 B		74 E	75 P	76 A	77 U		78 F	79 Q	80 V	81 R		82 H	83 U	84 L	85 N	
86 P	87 C	88 A	89 R		90 S	91 T	92 E	93 R	94 T	95 L		96 T	97 D	98 I		99 N	100F
101J	102Y	103C	104B	105R	106E	107A		108W		109D	110C	111N	112H	113U	114B	115G	116P
	117K	118F	119Q	120N		121C	122K		123I	124T	125F	126K		127D	128E		129P
130K	131L		132P	133T	134H	135G	136R		137H	138G		139S	140V	141L	142T	143R	144H
145F	146G		147T	148D	149S	150L		151A	152G	153U	154X		155Q	156U	157M	158Y	
159Y	160Q	161B	162H		163N	164C		165U	166M								

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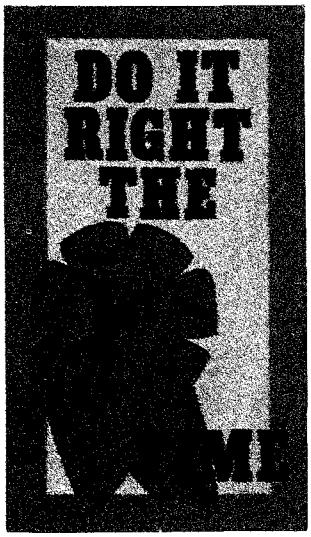

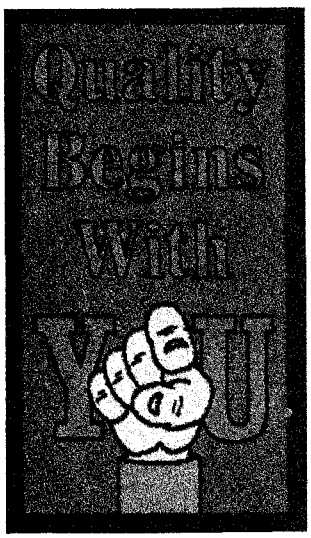

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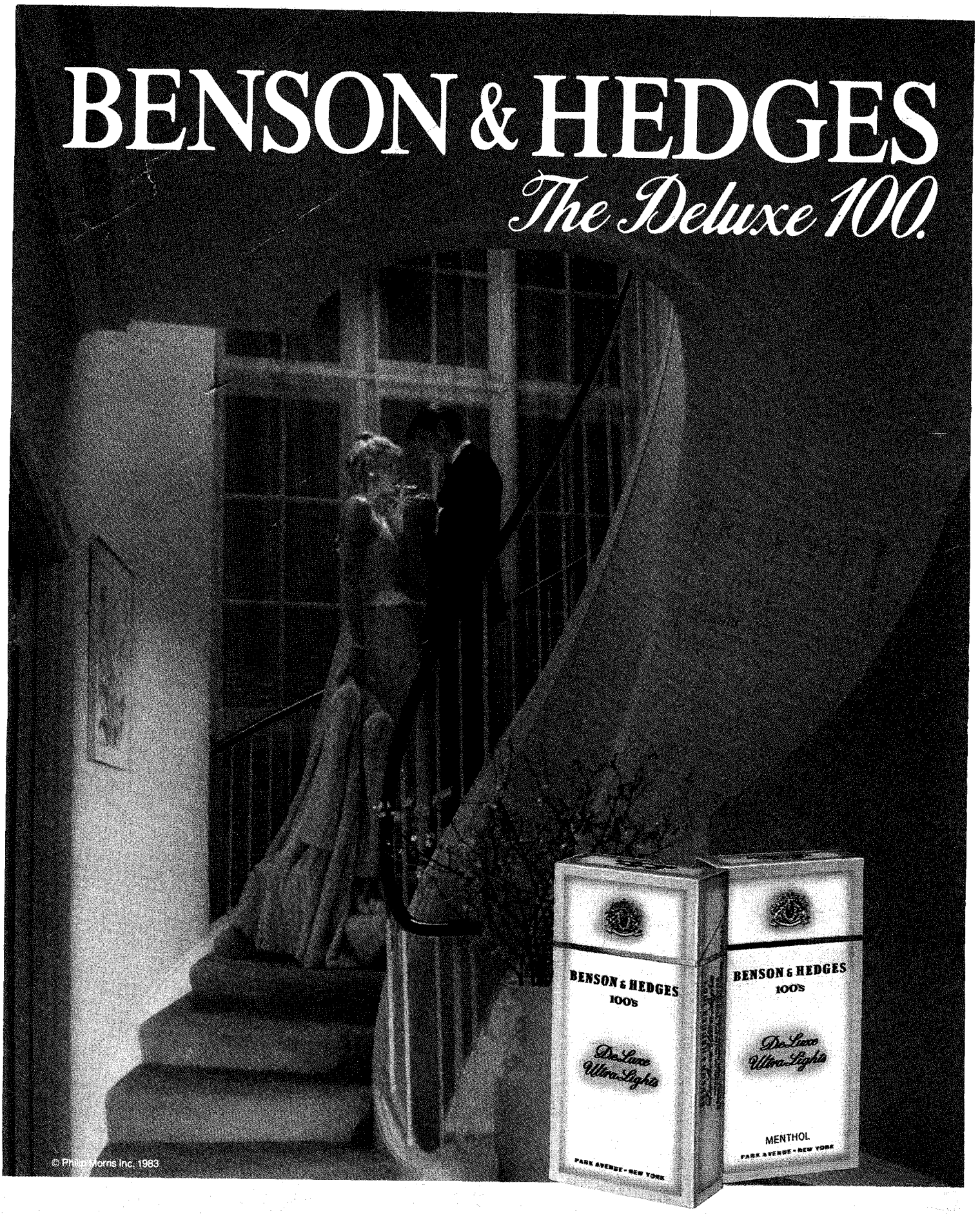
The Deluxe 100.



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